The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XVII NO. 22 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938 TEN CENTS A COPY

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

DEATH WALTZ BY THE DANUBE

By Prince Hubertus Loewenstein

IN THIS ISSUE

CHARLES ALLEN SMART
Reviews "A Prairie Grove" by Donald Culross Peattie

TERENCE HOLLIDAY
Reviews "The Summing Up" by W. Somerset Maugham

WILLIAM O. SCROGGS
Reviews "The Market Place" by Alexander Dana Noyes

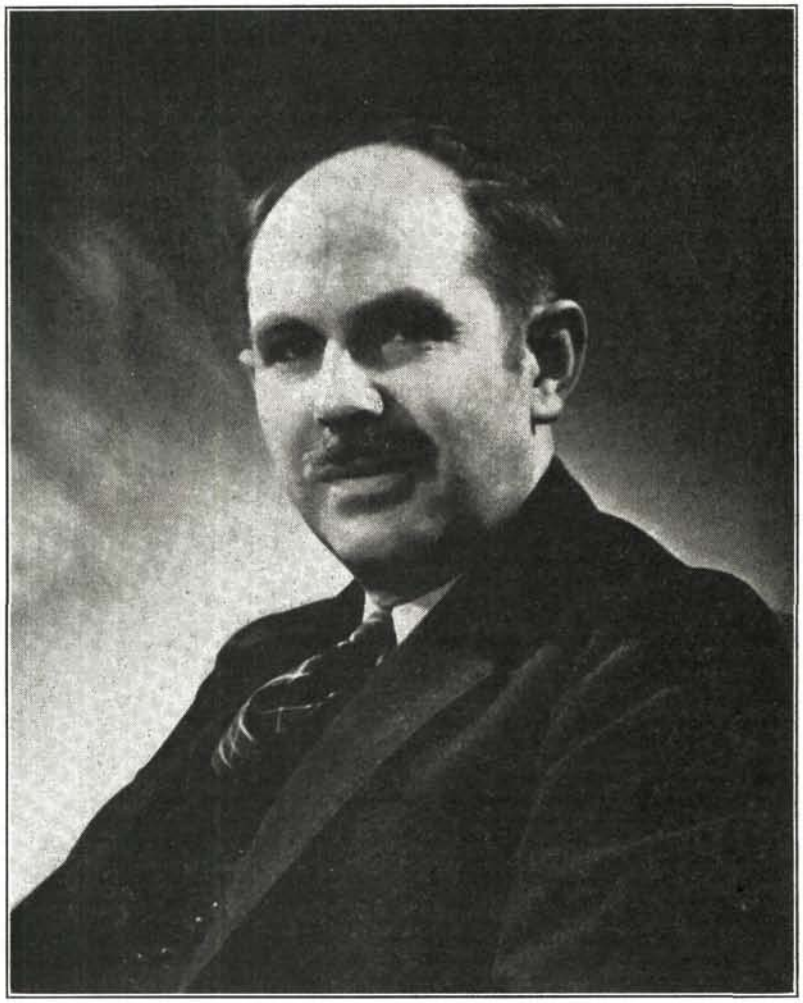
CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "The House of Guise" by Henry Dwight Sedgwick

ERNEST BOYD
Reviews "The Triple Thinkers" by Edmund Wilson

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES
Reviews "Journey to the West" by Darwin L. Teilhet

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.
The Little Tyrant

Other Reviews by GEORGE DANGERFIELD, DAVID H. POPPER, REBECCA LOWRIE



DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

"The wilderness itself is recreated with special knowledge that one trusts, with fine, sensuous perception, and with deep longing" . . .

(See page 5)

BOOKS IN THE NEWS: Germany

By James Frederick Green

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outstanding MACMILLAN *Publications*

UNCLE SAM WARD
AND HIS CIRCLE

By Maud Howe Elliott

This is the fascinating story of a fascinating man—the brother of Julia Ward Howe.

Three times a millionaire, and as often broke; the first great lobbyist in Washington, intimate friend of Thackeray, Longfellow and Sumner — each page gives fresh insight into American life and the whole comprises a vivid portrait of an American gentleman. $5.00

TOM WATSON
AGRARIAN REBEL

By C. Vann Woodward

No one with the slightest interest in American social politics can ignore the life of Watson of Georgia.

When the agrarian West and South joined hands in the '90s in the Populist revolt, Watson assumed national prominence. Repeatedly defeated by fraud and terrorism, he still was a power to be reckoned with, long after his party had collapsed and he had retired to private life. $3.75

Holy Old Mackinaw
A NATURAL HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LUMBERJACK

By Stewart H. Holbrook

The rough and lusty saga of the roistering crews who "rode the forests" to the mills, and then took the towns apart!

Also, it is the story of *American lumber:* of the sale of 2,000,000 acres to one man for 12½ cents an acre, of the whoopee-towns of the Great Lakes, the era of bullwhacking in the Northwest, of the titans who captured and ruled the industry.

Here are the life and color of an exclusively American scene, captured by a man who worked in the camps, bunked with the veterans. $2.50

BROTHER FLO

By George N. Shuster

Although officially only the porter, Brother Florian probably was the most important figure on the campus to the boys. Many will be certain they recognize him in this "imaginative biography." $1.50

THE INTELLIGENT INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIETY

By P. W. Bridgman

Presenting in new aspect such ideas as those of duty, freedom, "rights," morality and justice; and discussing such questions as physical force, social reform and the future of education. $2.50

LOST SPRINGTIME

By Julian Dana

The story of a child's life in a raw mining camp in the Sierras. "This little idyll of one of America's loveliest yesterdays will charm thousands."—*Joseph Henry Jackson.* $2.50

MACMILLAN'S MODERN DICTIONARY

Edited by Bruce Overton

Planned to fill the need of the modern adult for a ready reference dictionary, easy to read, with clear definitions and up-to-date pronunciations. $3.00
(Thumb-indexed $3.50)

60 FIFTH AVENUE • THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death Waltz by the Blue Danube

BY
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

VIENNA: CITY HALL AND LEGISLATIVE BUILDINGS

IT is hard for me to conceal my emotions while discussing Hitler's rape of Austria. It is the land of my birth, and my earliest childhood dreams were woven around those mountains, meadows, and villages which have become a prey to brutal invasion.

In the long series of international crimes which the dictatorships of Europe have committed in the last five years, this last is certainly the greatest; and there is no statesman in the Western democracies who could claim for himself the benefit of ignorance. All of us who knew the structure and spirit of National Socialism had warned time and again, that no promise to respect Austria's independence, no matter how solemn it might be, would prevent Hitler from destroying the freedom of that little country from which the resurrection of Germany might have come.

As patriots we had a right to oppose the union of Germany and Austria under the symbol of the swastika, for we had worked hard in favor of the voluntary *Anschluss* at a time when Germany and Austria were still democratic republics. Then it would have meant new strength for all progressive forces, and would have afforded so efficient a protection against Nazism, that Hitler would probably never have come to power. However, Austria within the framework of the German Federal State would not have lost its cultural and political autonomy, but would have received a status comparable to that of one of the American states in relation to the Union.

When Hitler came to power in 1933, all those in the Labor movement, in the democratic and liberal parties of Austria, who had most fervently advocated the creation of one great German democracy, were faced with a new situation. Not that they suddenly felt less "German" —but their conception of what the word "German" meant differed from the views held by the new rulers in Berlin.

These Austrians considered true German greatness incompatible with National Socialist methods. They felt that Germany's mission lay in the community of men for which Gustav Stresemann had worked, rather than in a policy of conquest which must necessarily arouse the hatred of civilized humanity and lead the German people into the abyss.

After 1933 Austria became the homeland and refuge of many Germans who had escaped the Nazi persecution or who, without having been persecuted themselves, felt unable to work in an atmosphere where freedom no longer existed. Many of these men, who were taken by surprise when Hitler's fear of Chancellor Schuschnigg's plebiscite precipitated the invasion, or who had refused to flee while the borders were not yet closed, are now at the mercy of their National Socialist enemies, whose hatred of all representatives of intellectual freedom is only too well known. Carl von Ossietzki's sufferings during years spent in concentration camp, Erich Muehsam's torture and assassination, the case of Professor Lessing whom German National Socialists shot down on Czechoslovakian soil, the kidnaping of the journalist Berthold Jacob from Switzerland, are only a few examples taken from the endless list of crimes and horrors for which the Third Reich is directly responsible. We do not yet know the fate of the writers in Austria at the time of the Hitler coup, but we can judge from the foregoing examples what awaits all democratic artists, writers, and scientists in Nazified Austria.

These grim days are witnessing not only the tragedy of individuals, but of a whole culture and of the intellectual freedom which these men represent and for which many of them may have made the supreme sacrifice.

Ever since, under the ægis of Hitler, the works of Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Bruno Frank, Alfred Neumann, Stefan Zweig, Emil Ludwig, Lion Feuchtwanger, Franz Werfel, and their intellectual peers in the realm of science and art were banned from Germany, and hundreds of prominent scholars chased from their chairs or laboratories, it has been Austria which has helped to preserve Germany's cultural values. As long as there was a non-Nazi Austria, publishing firms in Holland and Switzerland could still find a market for the literary production of German exiles, and many important works published in Germany before 1933 were saved from destruction.

All this has changed. The six and a half million Germans in Austria are today under the same intellectual censorship as their fellow Germans in Germany. Soon there will be no opportunity for German scholars and writers to make their voices heard. Even the German language is deeply menaced, as the barbaric stuttering and the "colossal style" of the *Fuehrer,* loyally imitated by his serfs in Germany, can hardly be called German. Sometimes I have great difficulty in understanding even the literal meaning of the publications which the Goebbels-controlled firms in my unfortunate country are pouring out, either to

Next Week
SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prove the Nazi revelations on "blood and race," or to express similar doctrines in the shape of novels and poems.

In the years after the war, when Germany was disarmed and outwardly weak, it was owing to German intellectual and artistic production that we regained the sympathy of the world. This expansion in the fields of science and art was the only one which we considered worthy of a great nation. Our famous writers, musicians, and scientists were the best ambassadors of good will Germany ever possessed. It is on the reputation which they earned for the German name that the National Socialists are still banking, though they have expelled, silenced, and defamed nearly every one of them.

"When I hear the word culture," said the "leader" of the Hitler youth, "I draw my revolver—" How many revolvers will still have to be drawn before Vienna forgets how to pronounce that word?

There was a time when German culture contributed many essential values to the intellectual growth of the United States. Today it is Germany, the true, the democratic, the tolerant and creative Germany which is in bitter need of help, if her seeds of tomorrow are not to be destroyed. We once had a stronghold in Austria, and we were proud of it. Now the *Horst-Wessel* song has replaced Haydn, "Mein Kampf" must be read where people enjoyed Franz Werfel and Thomas Mann. The land whose friendly hospitality gave recreation to thousands of foreigners in Salzburg, where Toscanini and Max Reinhardt worked, has become one great prison and a starting ground for further aggression.

It is with the United States that the future of German culture and the hope of international Freedom now rest.

Prince Hubertus Loewenstein's autobiography, "Conquest of the Past," was published last week.

BOOKS IN THE NEWS: Germany

BY JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

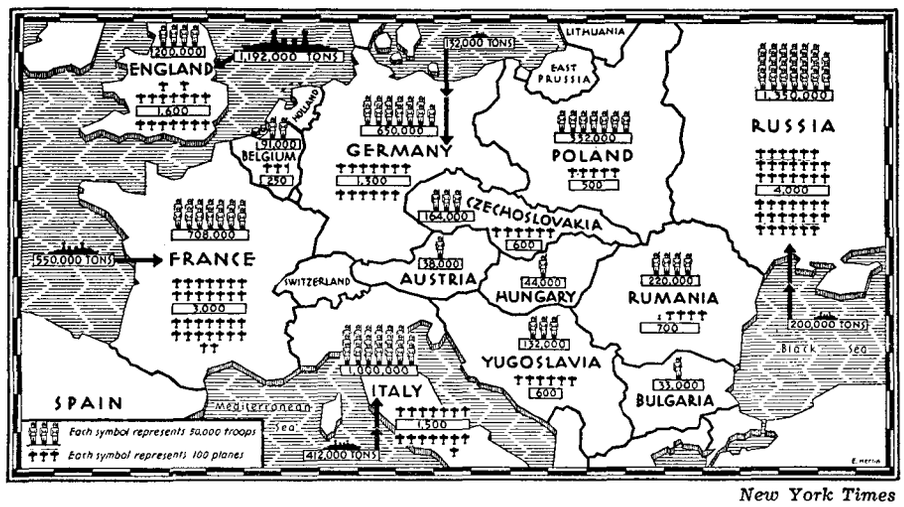
DURING the birth of a new German Empire in Central Europe —definitely a Cæsarian operation—the rest of the world has been breathlessly awaiting the fateful news of war. Whatever the immediate outcome of this frightening crisis along the Danube, it is at least clear that the ingenious equilibrium devised at Versailles has come to an end. Even if war can be indefinitely postponed, new tensions will arise in Central Europe, new concessions will be demanded, and new balances of power created. Fishing in troubled waters, once the privilege of emperors and kings, is now the favorite sport of both dictators and democrats. For *Saturday Review* readers who would become acquainted with these fishermen and their techniques, I present a list of the most useful volumes published in English during 1937 and 1938. While such books tend to become outdated before they leave the press, most of these works contain facts and opinions which will enable American observers to understand the past, to interpret the present, and to fear the future.

For study of diplomatic angling along the Danube, two indispensable Izaak Waltons are John Gunther and M. W. Fodor. In his revised edition of "Inside Europe," Mr. Gunther extends his deservedly popular narrative to late 1937. Familiar with the men and movements which are shaking the Continent, he has the reporter's eye for significant detail and a matchless flair for the brittle phrase. Although Mr. Gunther frequently is so preoccupied with the foibles of individual statesmen that he slights the ideas, institutions, and forces by which they operate, his work stands as a splendid tribute to the skill and integrity of American journalism. Another reportorial *tour de force* which is narrower in scope is "Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe," by M. W. Fodor, brilliant Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. Calling upon his apparently fathomless treasure of facts and anecdotes, Mr. Fodor explains Central European politics with the accuracy of the historian and the zest of a coffee-house raconteur.

In addition to these two outstanding examples of faithful reporting, I recommend two works which are essentially editorial and interpretative in character. "Europe in Crisis," a pamphlet written by Vera Micheles Dean and published by the Foreign Policy Association, offers *multum in parvo* for the bewildered reader of the daily newspaper. After scanning the storm clouds along the entire European horizon, Mrs. Dean examines the several cyclone cellars available to the American public. The editors of *Fortune* have produced "Background of War," a series of five articles of varying merit. The chapter on Germany discusses in stimulating fashion the emotional compensations which the people receive in return for a poorer standard of living.

In criticizing recent books on Germany, I am constantly reminded of Pilate's "What is truth?" Granting that "truth" and "complete objectivity" are beyond even scholars and journalists, one can only praise those works which most nearly attain impartiality. The most recent account of the Nazi regime is "The House that Hitler Built," by Stephen H. Roberts. Although frankly admitting his democratic predilections, Professor Roberts remains remarkably fair in judging the aspirations and achievements of Der Fuehrer. He is amused by the cumbersome bureaucracy of the Party, angered by the persecution of the Jews, and impressed by the physical development of the youth and the recreational privileges of labor. The result of Hitlerism, he concludes, must be either war or economic collapse. The only comparable volume is "The Third Reich," by Henri Lichtenberger, less detailed but equally temperate in approach. Crediting Hitler with restoration of the national morale, both the Australian and French scholars admire his inordinate powers of leadership and deny the allegation that he is the tool of capitalist or military cliques. A valuable analysis of the political or-

(*Continued on page* 14)



New York Times

COMPARATIVE MILITARY STRENGTH OF EUROPEAN NATIONS IN 1937

From "In 1937" (Henry Holt & Co.)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XVII, No. 22, March 26, 1938. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man of Letters

THE SUMMING UP. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by TERENCE HOLLIDAY

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM is one of the very few conspicuously successful men of letters of the twentieth century. The list of his works includes twenty-four plays and twenty miscellaneous volumes of travel, novels, and short stories. At the head of this list stands "Of Human Bondage." Reading has made a full man of Mr. Maugham, writing an exact one; and his present book, "The Summing Up," is a report, a summary, the result of a continuous conference that Mr. Maugham has held with himself on the subject of life and letters during the last forty-odd years. And seldom indeed have life and letters been looked in the eye, seen steadily and whole, by a twentieth century artist of the first rank, and been told precisely where—so far as the artist is concerned—they get off.

Readers of extreme sensibility—the sentimental, the over-fastidious, and tender-hearted—had better be warned at once that this book is not for them. They will be disconcerted by the cool detachment with which Mr. Maugham faces the day-to-day problems—social, intellectual, and moral—of man and artist, and appalled by the courage and honesty with which he reports his solutions. And there is thin fare here for those who subsist on the crumbs of gossip and scandal from the tables of the socially and artistically elect. There is only one brief, and scathing, passage concerning the great and near-great with whom Mr. Maugham associated at the height of his material success. "The Summing Up" is almost bare of personalities except for the central figure around whom it is written. But around that figure there clusters a wealth of allusion, anecdote, confession, and experience sufficient to form a portrait of man and artist as complete and absorbing as any that our own day has given us.

"The Summing Up" follows no ordered scheme; it is a kind of miscellany of reminiscence. Fascinating passages of family history are interposed among judgments on the English classics; a confession of shortcoming or limitation on one page is denied by the performance on the next; the dictum that one must write in order to learn how to write is followed by an acknowledgment of indebtedness to many models; inconsistencies and contradictions abound; yet the total effect is one of unity because of the strength and integrity of the personality revealed.

Now in his sixties, nearing the end of his career, Mr. Maugham offers a number of mature and considered opinions on the art of writing and its masters. Lucidity, simplicity, euphony, and liveliness are the marks to aim at if you would write perfectly; only Voltaire has hit them simultaneously. A special admiration is reserved for Hazlitt, Shelley the letter-writer, and Lamb at his best; De Quincey, Carlyle, Meredith, and Pater are held to have corrupted the simplicity of English prose. It is startling to find Johnson and Gibbon bracketed and damned as "pompous" and "turgid." Theologians and philosophers may contend that the treatment here of their mysteries is abrupt, casual, and altogether inadequate. There will be violent disagreement over the dictum that Colette is preëminent in modern French prose. But Mr. Maugham is not soliciting agreement; it is not his intention to persuade; he is rendering an account of himself, his chosen profession and its practitioners; and he has done so with a lucidity, a simplicity, a euphony, and a liveliness that should win the admiration and gratitude of all literate and discriminating readers.

The Illinois Wilderness

A PRAIRIE GROVE. By Donald Culross Peattie. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES ALLEN SMART

IT is much easier to report the contents and qualities of this book than to name exactly its subject. The author says:

> We see how the white man came to the wilderness, and what happened then. . . . There is no plot; this is not a novel, not a historical romance, not a popularization of history. I say that I am remembering. . . . I say that the coming of our species was an event, perhaps an impermanent one in the greater story. So my characters are transient, even shadowy. Individual character does not matter to Nature.

Even without the excisions I have made, and in the context, this seems to me very vague. All I can say is that this book is a nostalgic prose-poem to what was the wilderness of the Middle West.

W. B. Rose
DESPLAINES RIVER, ILLINOIS

The scene, at any rate, is an "island grove" on the prairie of northern Illinois. We are shown this place of trees, grass, water, Indians, and abundant wild-life, as it is first invaded by two Franciscans, and by two would-be conquerors for France. These white men all fail, leave the grove, and go to their several deaths. The Indians kill the buffalo, and move on. Nearly two centuries later there appear Asa Goodner, with his father Amoy, from Salem and York state, his wife, his four sons, and his five daughters. They settle in the grove, build their cabin, create orchard and farm, and play out their family drama. The end of the wilderness, and a new era, are in sight. None of these people is shadowy at all; each is presented with a clarity and a tender wisdom suggestive of Willa Cather. And, of course, the wilderness itself is recreated with special knowledge that one trusts, with fine, sensuous perception, and with deep longing. The pictures of the birds and animals as they lived, of the bison being hunted, of the elk mating, of the prairie chickens, of the passenger pigeons going over, and of all the rest, in different seasons, seem to me no less than marvelous, and alone worth the price of admission.

However, I have to admit that for me, all these extraordinary images remain somewhat remote and chilly. In reading, I feel as though I were looking into the past through Mr. Peattie's fine binoculars, while he comments intelligently into my ear. Not once, for all my hope, does he carry me back emotionally into this fabulous past. Frankly, I can't quite explain this. It may be caused by my own defects of imagination, or by an elegance of style that seems inappropriate for the material, or by Mr. Peattie's frequent little essays from the present—which are irrelevant, however keen—or by the nostalgia that pervades this book like a perfume. Perhaps this excellent nature-writer is too civilized, after all.

Other more obvious defects don't matter so much, or at all. The author's and the reader's uncertainty about the subject, the candid poetic license in the treatment of individuals partly historical, and even the fissure in the middle of the book, between the scenes of the Frenchmen and those of the Yankees—all these are easily accepted. I would rather have this group of cool, exquisite sketches than a more pretentious, coherent, and mediocre book, with an obvious subject, and a firmer structure.

Charles Allen Smart is the author of the recently published "R. F. D."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Half a Century on Wall Street

THE MARKET PLACE. By Alexander Dana Noyes. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

MR. NOYES made his first visit to Wall Street as a cub reporter in May, 1884, when he was assigned the task of obtaining a story on the failure of the banking house of Grant & Ward. The senior partner in this firm was Ulysses S. Grant, former President of the United States and Commander in Chief of the Union Army during the Civil War. The author presents a touching picture of the general entering the office on crutches. No one blamed Grant for the failure, but his partner went to prison and Grant, by a heroic effort in the last year of his life, completed his Memoirs and applied the income from the sale of this book to the liquidation of the firm's debts. This banking failure gave Mr. Noyes his first glimpse into Wall Street, and it was something of a coincidence that on the day of publication of his reminiscences, nearly fifty-four years later, Wall Street was again shaken by a failure, this time involving not a former President of the United States but a former President of the Stock Exchange.

To all of those specifically concerned with American financial history, and to many others besides, this new volume of reminiscences will have a strong appeal. Those newspaper folk who are not interested in the financial pages of their journals will still find the book interesting because of its vivid account of the evolution of metropolitan newspapers during the past half century. Business men and economists will enjoy its chatty description of the booms and depressions which have visited this country since 1873. Others will be interested in revelations of the human side of many of the great and near-great in journalism, business, finance, and politics.

This book is in no sense an autobiography. Mr. Noyes rarely uses the first personal pronoun. He seeks only to record what he observed at close range in the pursuit of his profession, and he tells the story with simplicity and skill. In spite of its title, the book reveals no trace of the jargon of the market place. As in all his other work, Mr. Noyes never loses sight of the economic realities. He is orthodox throughout, and events of past decades as well as of the present attest the soundness of his judgment. He does not believe that wealth can be produced by juggling with the currency or by shifting money from one man's pocket to another's by means of high tariffs, processing taxes, and the like. He has nothing but scorn for those apostles of the New Era of the late 20's, who on the eve of the great crash smugly proclaimed that "old standards are not merely futile; they are childish."

In boom periods Mr. Noyes always took the unpopular side, and for this he was often denounced by those who later had cause to regret that they had followed the crowd. This does not mean that a financial commentator must always be a pessimist in order to be right. As Mr. Noyes points out, those who, by keeping historical precedents and analogies in mind, have withstood the boom psychology are most likely for the same reason to preach optimism and spread confidence after the bubble has burst and bearish sentiment has been carried too far.

Because of his devotion to orthodox finance, Mr. Noyes has no admiration for

GRANT IN 1884
From "The Market Place."

the New Deal. The Roosevelt Administration, he believes, has supplied the first instance in history in which a "government entered the markets in a campaign of deliberate depreciation of its own currency," and he is particularly scornful of the President's attempt to justify his repudiation of the government's pledge to redeem its bonds in gold at the standard valuation with the glib excuse that there was not enough gold in the world to pay off the debt. Neither was there enough money of all kinds in the country to enable the banks to pay off their depositors, and these institutions might with equal propriety have used the same argument to justify their refusal to pay anything.

Mr. Noyes is not didactic, but his story none the less carries a lesson, especially for those members of the younger generation who regard themselves as victims of the stupidity and complacency of their elders, and who think that they can make a better world by smashing traditions and ignoring past experience.

William O. Scroggs was for some years financial writer on the New York Evening Post. *He was trade expert of the United States Shipping Board and is a writer on economic subjects.*

"Spartan" Japan

CHILDREN OF THE RISING SUN. By Willard Price. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

IMAGINE that you are an alert globe-trotter who has spent four years wandering about the greater Japan, extending from Siberia to the Equator. Imagine that you have a flair for adventure, a knack for doing the unusual, a distaste for dry and scholarly research, and an enthusiastic pen to record your experiences; and that you can in some fashion manage to forget most of the seamy side of Japanese life and of the conquest of China. You would, of course, strive to be impartial, but you could not fail to be struck above all by the unswerving discipline, industry, and religious nationalism of the Japanese, by the ascetic beauty of their surroundings, and by their success in applying the political and economic lessons learned from the West. And if, in this frame of mind, you wrote a book on what you had seen and thought, you would probably be accused by some good Occidental fire-breather of being a mere tool for wily Japanese propagandists.

Mr. Price has written the book and stands open to the accusation. It will not do, however, for those who believe that Japanese chauvinism is one of the great sinister forces of the day, and that the Japanese as a nation are ogres, to condemn him out of hand. Tucked away at one spot or another in his pages there are references to the disagreeable aspects of Japanese life and policy. But these are submerged in Mr. Price's laudatory explanation of *Bushido*, the Japanese spirit. To him your Japanese is a Spartan in modern dress, inured by precept and predilection to daily toil and occasional battle in the great national cause. An expansionist policy in China is only to be expected when teeming millions are unable to find space on Japan's narrow islands, when manufacturing industries which might support the excess population are throttled by trade barriers abroad, and when the army is carried forward by an overweening patriotism. Manchuria, like Korea and Formosa, is reaping the material benefits of stable government and modern economic enterprises. In China, too, these will replace the age-old rule by the whim of the war lord—at least for the century or so until resurgent China drives out its conquerors.

Meanwhile Japan will have been expanding in the South Pacific, where she is already moving into the Philippines as we move out and casting a calculating eye on almost every shore washed by the Southwest Pacific and the Indian Ocean. And it will do no more good to halt Japan by war than it did to stop Germany in 1918. The whole nation is imbued with a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

messianic mission based on its theocratic system of army rule. The outside world can only hope that the universalist strain in Japanese thought may be divorced from the concept of unification by the sword, after Japan's material needs are met.

This is Mr. Price's theme. It is presented persuasively, but with a questionable depth of perception. The author's complacent picture of Manchukuo's development since 1932 scarcely squares with the tales of discontent and of continued stout resistance—"banditry," the Japanese call it—brought back by returning travelers. His account of Japan's penetration in the Philippines seems to exaggerate the progress of what is undoubtedly an ultimate trend in the Islands. Few will accept his version of Japan's *mission civilisatrice* in China. Most important of all, his description of life in Japan should be counterbalanced by a sober portrayal of its essential maladjustments, as they are presented by a student like Freda Utley. Japan's agricultural feudalism, the inefficiency of much of its industry, the unrest in the army, all bear witness to weakness, not strength. Temporarily Japan seems formidable. Its social stability, however, is preserved only by the stimuli of the export boom, inflation, and war. Over the next few years these are bound to take their toll. Then we shall see whether the mighty Japan of the militarists and the romantic Japan of the travelers are not rotten at the core.

David H. Popper is a member of the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

French Pretenders

THE HOUSE OF GUISE. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THE nineteenth century was very hard on the house of Guise. This closely knit family of the old *noblesse d'épée* of Lorraine and Champagne was a pillar of the throne—if also at times a rival—and the leader of the uncompromising Catholic party in the struggle with the Huguenots. In a century like the last, when thrones seemed on the way to universal extinction, and the Catholic Church about to yield to modernism, Protestantism, or free-thought, the Guises appeared in a very bad light. Hardly a historian would defend these haughty, bigoted noblemen, instigators of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, traitorous conspirators who would turn their country over to Spain, upstart Lorrainers who dared to aspire to the throne of St. Louis. The worst calumnies of their Huguenot enemies were repeated as sober historical truth. Calmer judgments have already appeared among French historians, and now Mr. Henry Dwight Sedgwick, working in fields he has already plowed for his "Henry of Navarre," comes warmly to the defense of the Guise. It may be that he has somewhat more than redressed the balance in their favor. Complete detachment, however, is rare, and the historian who tries very hard to see all sides at once is likely to be deficient both in clarity and in narrative skill. Mr. Sedgwick is deficient in neither.

Giraudon

HENRI II. *From "The House of Guise."*

His story follows three generations of the House of Guise and covers, roughly, the whole sixteenth century. The story of the family is nothing less than the story of that most confused and intricate century of French history when Valois was fighting Hapsburg, Catholic fighting Huguenot, and something still less easy to record and understand, which historians have agreed to call the Renaissance, was working into men's minds and habits. Mr. Sedgwick is not greatly concerned with the sweep of social and economic movements. He quotes the new poets copiously and effectively, and gives us to understand that the Guises were great patrons of the new architecture and the new learning, were by no means bigoted, medieval Catholics. But his main task is to disentangle the intrigues of high politics and tell a clear, interesting story.

In this he succeeds admirably, without any textbook overloading of facts and dates. The book as a whole, certainly, is a brief for the Guises. But the author's partisanship appears markedly only in occasional passages disparaging the Huguenots. For Calvin he has no use at all. To him Calvin's was a fanatical search for a most uncomfortable other-worldliness. The real France, the France of the Guises, was sensibly and moderately devoted to this world and to the Catholic Church. We have heard a good deal of this lately, and no doubt much of it is true. But there is a streak of cruelty and fanatic devotion to the impossible which cannot be fairly omitted from French history. The France of St. Bartholomew, of the guillotine, the march to Moscow, and the treaty of Versailles was not exactly *la douce* France of Mr. Sedgwick's admiration.

Crane Brinton is a member of the department of history of Harvard University.

Stag Party

BY C. F. MACINTYRE

OVER the pipes and the beer
the Graces stand with lamps above the talk.
Truth is before us, bare but not too bare.
The stout nightwatchman is tapping around the block.

The dog sleeps with her butt against the stove.
We argue and reach for books
to nail our point. (How printer's ink can stave
the nobler souls from drowning among the bocks!)

It's plainly seen now: life's a kindly slut,
like the landlady fetching the monthly pie;
but both can look at one through eyes well-slit
when the quarter-day comes and he does not pay.

The talk was fireworks spewing sparks . . .
but now the friends have gone. You are alone.
Jaws champ intimately in the woodwork.
Truth has fallen breasts and her thighs are lean.

The pipe has a bitter slug. The beer is flat.
The fire goes out, and the dog goes too for a trot.

Belfry-bats begin to flit.
Your quips sneak back down memory, labeled Trite.

Then, man, you're in for it. The radios stop.
No cars go past. The watchman is asleep
with the landlady's daughter. You almost step
into a chasm that seemed just now a slope.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

GEORGE STEVENS..... Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART..... Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN..... Associate Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1938, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Roosevelt's State Papers

NEWTON D. BAKER once remarked that the reason why Democratic Presidents provoke such violent controversies is that the party is elected only in protest against long inaction by the Republicans. The people's mandate to the Democrats is to do something, and action and change stir resentment. Franklin D. Roosevelt as a disturber of the peace of mind takes his place in history along with Jackson and Wilson. If it is not blasphemy so to describe it, Theodore Roosevelt had a truly Democratic propensity for annoying the Brahmins.

Mr. Roosevelt is angrily indicted for violating principles of government and proprieties of conduct which should surround his high office. Just now the proprieties which the President is charged with fracturing concern his activities as an author, which perhaps is justification for *The Saturday Review of Literature* in making an incursion into a field usually reserved for the bouts of party speechmakers. The facts are that the President announced that he had arranged to compile, with the help of Justice Rosenman, the official papers of his terms as Governor of New York and as President, including transcripts of his press conferences with his commentaries on them. The full collection is to appear in five volumes, to be issued by Random House. Condensations are to be printed as a series of articles in the magazine *Liberty*, and the material also is to be prepared for newspaper syndicate use. For all of this the President is to be paid, perhaps as much as the $100,000 currently mentioned in the news stories. The President's secretary, Mr. Early, announced (after the first imparting of information and after criticisms had been heard) that the net proceeds, the sum of which must arouse the envy of other authors, would be devoted to "some useful public purpose, under government direction." The President meanwhile is releasing the most interesting part of the material, the official stenographic transcript of his press conferences, for use by the newspapers without restriction and without cost.

The anguish of the President's critics is deep. Mr. Walter Lippmann has more emotional control than the editorial writers of the purely partisan Republican newspapers, some of whose performances may be of professional interest to psychiatrists. He thinks the President's secretary is wrong in his impression that the Chief Executive has a right "to sell his state papers and opinions which derive their chief commercial value from the high office of the author," provided only that the profits do not go into Mr. Roosevelt's pockets. Mr. Lippmann remarks that Mr. Early overlooks the fact that commercial profits will accrue to the book publisher, the magazine, and the newspaper syndicate. Mr. Lippmann believes there ought to be a law. There is none covering the right to publish state papers; Mr. Wilson's biographer has possession of all of the war President's documents. Mr. Lippmann also is concerned, needlessly we think, whether it is sporting to sell or release for publication in the transcripts of the press conferences the remarks of the correspondents. Mr. David Lawrence thinks the President should not be so inconsistent as to write for newspapers, an agency of public information which he has disparaged. Mr. Lawrence finds some consolation, however, in Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance of the profit motive.

Part of the grief of Mr. Roosevelt's Republican critics may arise from the realization that none of their party's presidential papers, thoughts, and press conference remarks could command so high a price in the commercial literary market. Theodore Roosevelt's writings on hunting brought large sums, but his comments on public affairs fetched less. The remarkable post-presidential excogitations entitled "Calvin Coolidge Says," were reported to have brought the author more than a dollar a word; and this perhaps set a high for all time in literary overvaluation. Although former Presidents have not written about current public affairs for gain while in office, they have permitted to be published and sold books which derived their chief, if not sole value, from the Presidential association. The large returns from all of the Franklin D. Roosevelt family's writings have caused much irritation among those who wish him ill; again the fact that Mrs. Roosevelt produced a book never rivaled for genuine interest by the memoirs of any Republican official lady may have contributed to the exasperation.

Is it right for Mr. Roosevelt to sell "state" or official papers while he is in office?. Certainly no objection would be raised to his editing and publishing the transcripts of his press conferences after he had finished his term. These colloquies are of Mr. Roosevelt's own creation. No impartial correspondent would challenge the President's title to copyright on the conferences' questions and answers—although this material is not copyrighted. No other President has approached Mr. Roosevelt in the candor, the free give and take, of such exchanges. Mr. Wilson endeavored to have his press conferences on an open basis, but the gravity of the war situation ended that. His successors were temperamentally or otherwise incapable of carrying on. Everyone interested in national current events will be glad to have available now, instead of years later, the exact record of what was said by the President to the newspaper men, on such famous occasions as when he used his "horse and buggy" phrase. All of this is of the first historical importance. Whether the record supports the President's belief that the newspapers' reports of his administration have not been unbiased is another story.

And what is the definition of a state or official paper? Certainly every President has taken out of the White House all his correspondence and memoranda. Public papers which the Chief Executive has duly signed are official records and are in the archives. The documents which Mr. Roosevelt is employing now either are the kind which are open to all, or are the kind which former Presidents have regarded as their private property and have removed from Washington when they have turned over the reins of office to their successors.

The critics must fall back on the argument that the President should not have done it "while he was in office." It would have been all right if he had waited. That is a matter only of propriety. We may rightly be a bit impatient with the eager readiness of many partisans to instruct Mr. Roosevelt in the proprieties. The loudest protesters have no distinguished standing as judges of ethical conduct. The public at large is not likely to be impressed by the criticisms leveled at Mr. Roosevelt for his present actions.

Yet the discriminating friends of Mr. Roosevelt probably wish that he had managed this affair just a trifle differently. Mr. Early's explanation was late. The impression of the dollar mark was upon the transaction before its nature and terms were revealed. Suppose the President had announced that he believed the people were entitled to the record; that it had been compiled and all rights to proceeds from the material had been conveyed to, let us say, the Warm Springs Foundation. Probably not even a grunt would have come from a Fifth Avenue Club bay window. A President should be scrupulously careful—far more so than a mere Governor or Senator. And, since we all have our prejudices, one must confess to a wish that Mr. Roosevelt had been squeamish enough not to select as the vehicle of his papers the magazine of Mr. Bernarr MacFadden.

CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *"The Defense of Democracy;" Last Blow on the Bugles*

Oil Supplies to Mussolini

SIR:—The remark by Mr. George Slocombe in your issue of March 12 that "if America had been willing to cut off oil supplies to Mussolini during the war in Ethiopia, Mr. Eden might have avoided both his first and second martyrdoms" comes with very bad grace from an Englishman.

Surely it was the refusal of the British and French governments to impose the oil sanction and not the attitude of the United States which was responsible for the Ethiopian disaster. The government of the United States in 1935 went as far as it could in discouraging the export of oil to Ethiopia. According to the "Survey of International Affairs, 1935," issued by the Royal Institute of International Affairs in London, Volume II, page 276, even in the last quarter of 1935 American supplies of oil rose to only 17.8% of Italy's total imports of oil. According to the New York *Times*, December 8, 1935, the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which is controlled by the British government, in November, 1935, shipped 42,000 barrels of fuel oil from Port Said to the Italian navy in addition to its regular contract. It would seem that these facts speak for themselves.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT.
University of Chicago.

Mr. Slocombe Replies

SIR:—I am sorry if my remark seemed to Mr. Schmitt ungracious: it was not so intended. But surely the figures of oil purchases cited by him are quite irrelevant. It was perfectly legitimate for British and other companies to sell oil to Italy, so long as no embargo on such sales had been imposed by their governments; as it is perfectly legitimate for British and American firms to sell scrap iron to Japan today.

If the British and French governments had decided to impose the oil sanction, the effect of such a decision would have been largely nullified by the known unwillingness of the American government to impose a similar embargo. With French, British, and Russian supplies closed to her, Italy would have continued to buy oil from the United States and Roumania, and the proportion of U. S. oil sold to Italy would have immediately jumped from 17.8 per cent in the last quarter of 1935 to a much higher figure.

Since my article was written Miss Dorothy Thompson has ably expressed the point I had in mind: "Largely because of America's ambiguous isolationism, Great Britain adopted an isolationist policy towards Europe . . . and the result of British isolationism is before our eyes."

GEORGE SLOCOMBE.
New York City.

Personals?

SIR:—Would it interest you to know how delighted at least one reader is with the puzzles in the March 12 Bowling Green? It is the most ingenious idea, and so rewarding to work out that I wish we might have another of the same sort some time.

What I admire especially is the success with which Mr. Morley has chosen and condensed subtle though significant clues. Indeed, I am altogther so pleased with the page that today I bought five extra copies to send to friends, and wrote to my son, who teaches English Lit at Cornell, to spread the news around his department—perhaps have a puzzle party.

ELIZABETH C. MOORE.
New York City.

"WELL, THERE GOES VOLUME FIVE."

Unreconstructed American

SIR:—Yes, bugles will keep on blowing, so long as the truth about constitutional history is of interest to our people. I am writing as an American whose views on the Revolution and on the War between the States are colored by the ringing words of Richard Henry Lee: "These Colonies are and of a right ought to be free and independent states." By this measure, "Bugles Blow No More" is nothing but a Hymn of Hate against Jefferson Davis wrapt about with horrors of war times in the city of Richmond. To counteract this poison I advise a truth-seeking public to read "Jefferson Davis, the Unreal and the Real," by Dr. Robert McElroy, of Oxford, England (Harper & Brothers).

As a Southerner who attended Wellesley College, Mass., the daughter of a Confederate soldier who served the reunited nation in Congress for twenty years, and whose brother served the U. S. A. in the Spanish-American, the Philippine, and the World Wars, I feel that my opinion is broad enough to suit even the "Unreconstructed Yankees" who have written you on "Bugles Blow No More." Eloise Lehnert is right in saying, "A novelist has no right to falsify or suppress history, to sacrifice the integrity of his book to his own beliefs." Many characters in works of fiction are mere pegs to pin a story to, to point a moral or adorn a tale. So has Dowdey used his fevered story to spread his own perverted views of the President of the Confederacy.

E. DOLLY BLOUNT LAMAR,
President-General, United Daughters of the Confederacy.
Macon, Ga.

"Well of Water"

SIR:—Re your communication February 26, "Well of Water," I wonder why you hate us Southerners so. You whipped us and mashed our noses into the mud. Why so bitter? Aren't we a part of this country now, or are we?

FELICIA METCALFE.
Birmingham, Ala.

The Saturday Review takes no sides in the Civil War, and suggests that in the future it be fought out elsewhere.

Peter Parker

SIR:—In Carl Crow's interesting article, "Books in the News: China," which appeared March 5th, there is one small point which I should like to correct. He makes the statement: "Dr. Peter Parker, who went to Canton in 1830, was the first of thousands of American missionaries...."

In 1935 I wrote a history of the Canton Hospital which was started in 1835 by Dr. Peter Parker. In this book, entitled "At the Point of a Lancet, One Hundred Years of the Canton Hospital," published by Kelly and Walsh, Shanghai, I make the statement that Parker sailed on June 4th, 1834, arriving in Canton at midnight October 26, 1834. He was not the first American missionary to come to China, but he was the first medical missionary; and while I believe he was deeply concerned to bring medical aid to the Chinese, he looked upon it as secondary in importance to the conversion of their souls.

MARY HOXIE JONES.
Haverford, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edmund Wilson's Essays

THE TRIPLE THINKERS. By Edmund Wilson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

ALTHOUGH publishers constantly assure one that volumes of collected essays, literary or otherwise, do not sell, it is fortunate for those of us who are addicted to this form of literature that such volumes can now and then be added to our shelves, beside the unwanted works of such people as Sainte-Beuve, George Saintsbury, Jules Lemaître, Anatole France, and Georg Brandes. If they had not been allowed to collect their essays from periodicals, we should be much the poorer. Mr. Wilson may not rank with these illustrious dead, but at least he has been given the opportunity to bring together a very readable sheaf of literary essays. They are ten in number and range from Paul Elmer More to Pushkin, from Flaubert and Henry James to "Marxism and Literature."

EDMUND WILSON

The opening chapter, "Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull," is not a full length study of that worthy pedant, but an amusingly sub-acid account of an afternoon at More's house in Princeton, with Dean Gauss and Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, during which Mithraism, T. S. Eliot, and James Joyce were the subjects of conversation. Mr. Wilson contrives by the neatest of occasional strokes to reveal a perfect picture of an utterly provincial, completely hidebound pedagogue. His comments on everything contemporary were plainly asinine, but had that asininity of the schoolmaster who expects his class to obey. So long as it was a question of citing texts and quoting authorities, Mr. More was everything that an examiner could demand of a very studious pupil. Unless a statement could be backed by an "authority" he was inclined to suspect the speaker. I wonder whether Mr. Wilson did not sputter over his teacup when Mr. More dismissed Baudelaire by saying that, while he might have power and significance, he was not "a guide to life"!

In his essay on Pushkin, which deals only with "Evgeni Onegin" and "The Bronze Horseman," Mr. Wilson proceeds by way of part translation and part summary to try to convey something of this great genius, who has been so slightly appreciated by the world outside Russia. Not that attempts have not been made, both in English and French, to spread his fame. Mr. Wilson says rather casually that George Borrow published some translations from Pushkin in 1835, as if that was the beginning and end of the matter. The fact is that "Eugene Onegin" (as it is usually rendered in English) was translated as early as 1881, "The Captain's Daughter" in 1859, "Marie" in 1877, a volume of poems in 1889, and translators of the stories have been numerous since as far back as 1875. Mr. Wilson makes a gallant effort to enlist admiration for Pushkin's masterpiece, but I fear "Evgeni Onegin," except as an opera libretto, will remain as closed a book to most English-speaking readers as "Os Lusiadas" of Camoens.

Since the literati have taken up Marxism, it is difficult to find a volume of critical essays which is not (a) devoid of criticism and (b) filled with puerile propaganda, supposedly inspired by the immortal, omniscient, and omnipotent Marx and Engels. I have on occasion discussed at length this Marxist "criticism," by quoting the incredible nonsense itself and by pointing out the dreadful effect upon one's critical faculties of this "opium of the intelligentsia." Mr. Wilson's "Marxism and Literature" approaches the same subject, with more or less the same objective as myself, but from the opposite angle. That is to say, he sets out to show that Marx and Engels were never as silly and unscrupulous in their comments on literature as Mr. Granville Hicks and the book reviewers of the *New Masses* and *The Daily Worker*. Everybody can quote the Marxian scriptures to suit his purpose, and possibly Mr. Hicks will confound Mr. Wilson. The latter quotes Lenin as gently rebuking a communist youth who despised Pushkin as bourgeois and preferred the true proletarian, Mayakovsky. Lenin said: "I think Pushkin is better." He also read and reread "War and Peace." Trotsky, of course, stated categorically that the expression "proletarian literature" was ridiculous. What, I think, Mr. Wilson might usefully have added to his essay was a brief examination of the present status of literary criticism in America as directed by the Comintern.

"Bernard Shaw at Eighty" is a brief on behalf of the thesis that Shaw will really survive as an artist rather than as a thinker, this despite popular opinion to the contrary and Shaw's own reiterated statement that he is a journalist. It is pleasant these days to one like myself, suckled on Fabianism, to read a freshly appreciative essay on a writer whom it is the great pleasure of his abject inferiors to decry. Whether the owner of a brain which is one of the most beautiful intellectual weapons I have ever seen at work or play is an artist of the first rank I doubt, although Mr. Wilson's case is well argued. If he is, then I should say he is, in the same sense as Swift was. Neither appeals to the esthetic or emotional side of man. If you are touched at all, it is through the brain. In fact, it has always seemed to me that Shaw the playwright was an accident of his period. Had he been a contemporary of Swift, their pamphlets and satires and lampoons would have jointly set the town by the ears. But two Swifts in Dublin at the same time would have been too much!

Mr. Wilson writes appreciatively, but not uncritically, of John Jay Chapman, of whom he has long and properly been an admirer. For all Chapman's anti-Catholicism and anti-Semitism (toward the end of his life), he was a real man, a real character, and a real Harvard man—though it is to this last aspect of him that Mr. Wilson is disposed to be least sympathetic, quoting some of those academic provincialisms which jump us back to the Paul Elmer More tea party. Of "Flaubert's Politics" Mr. Wilson discovers that, for all his lifelong contempt for the bourgeoisie, Flaubert was too much of a bourgeois himself not to be horrified by the Paris Commune. But he was "unable to believe in, or even to conceive, any non-bourgeois way out." This, after all, is rather an open secret, and I cannot quite make out whether or not Flaubert was wrong, in Mr. Wilson's estimation, for finally embodying his contempt for humanity, in the mass, in "Bouvard and Pécuchet." Much has occurred since to convince me that Flaubert was only too right.

Immortal Queen

WINGED PHARAOH. By Joan Grant. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ASHTON SANBORN

MANKIND in general has always scoffed at what it did not understand in the realm of the supernatural; but the testimony of sincere and noble mystics bears witness through the ages to a faith in the divine origin of the soul and in its immortal quality so ardent and so persistent that it cannot be ignored as utterly baseless.

On the assumption that the reputed wisdom of the ancient Egyptians was true knowledge of this divine source of all life, and not the hocus-pocus of magic which the materialistic modern world believes it to have been, Mrs. Grant has written a story distinguished for poetic beauty of style and for sustained power, which becomes increasingly convincing in its purpose as it progresses. In autobiographical form Sekeeta, a non-historical Egyptian princess of the First Dynasty (which archeologists date about 4000 B. C.), relates the story of her life from the moment when she was told by the Great Overlords that she must be reborn into exile upon earth, until by death she

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been released from this exile and returned to her true home.

The book is not strictly a novel, but rather a mystical chronicle of things lovely, far away, and lost; the image of a golden age which perhaps has never existed save in the minds of those who seek refuge from facts in dreams of the prenatal paradise. But to this paradise, when envisaged upon earth, the author has given the strict geographical limitations of the Nile valley; its chronological aspect, however, is timeless, and consequently the reader should not be irked by certain anachronisms, or by the fact that archeological accuracy is at a discount when the author's purpose is to achieve spiritual and not factual truth. For the ultimate impression made by the book is its deliberate detachment from specific time. Although relatively few persons today will accept transmigration or clairvoyance as incidents normal to human experience, none will deny that the salvation not only of our souls but of ourselves and our civilization must depend on vanquishing the greed, brutality, rivalry, and hatred which cast their evil shadow of unwisdom over the earth today. Sekeeta sums up the situation when she says: "Men of themselves create their time on Earth: if they sow evil, they must return to gather their harvest. . . . The future is in the hands of mankind."

Mr. Sanborn is on the Egyptological staff of the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston.

Miss Keller's Travel Diary

HELEN KELLER'S JOURNAL. By Helen Keller. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by REBECCA LOWRIE

IN August 1928, Mrs. Macy and Miss Thomson finished reading the galley proofs of "Midstream" to Helen Keller. In the biography of Anne Sullivan Macy (Miss Keller's teacher through many years) there is a brief but telling description of the occasion. A storm raged outside the Cohasset cottage. Inside there was exhaustion and peace. Mrs. Macy's eyes had lasted for the task. Miss Keller felt that she was free of the incredible labor of sustained composition, free to devote herself to her work for the deaf and blind. She interrupted her washing of the breakfast dishes to deliver her ultimatum: wet dish towel flung over her shoulder, her hands gripping the back of a chair—"I just want to say this," she announced. "There will be no more books. I put the best years of my childhood and youth into 'The Story of My Life.' I have put the best years of my womanhood into 'Midstream.' There will be no more books."

Ten years later another book is written; written without the presence and the tireless coöperation of Mrs. Macy; written, in all probability, as a record of a spiritual crisis more intense than any Miss Keller had ever experienced. The "Journal" was begun on the *Deutschland,* at midnight of November 4th, 1936, less than a month after Mrs. Macy's death. Miss Keller and her devoted companion Polly Thomson were on their way to visit friends in Scotland and to begin the process of readjustment which was to be the test not only of Mrs. Macy's method of teaching, but of the soundness of her preparation for the time when her pupil would have to function without her.

The "Journal," it seems to me, is a warm and human document. Miss Keller's natural grief permeates the earlier pages. Passionately she records her loneliness, her desolation—but in the next entry she says "To my surprise I find that the sea-swallows have waked in me fresh courage—thoughts. I am still weary and every physical exertion is an effort, but gradually I am regaining my habit of 'looking-around'."

In London she met old friends; jotted down items about new plays, and the books she borrowed for her reading in Scotland; and paid a visit to the doll exhibition in the National Institute and described her two favorite dolls, from their curls to their slippers.

In the same entry she says:

> Lack of hearing has always been a heavier handicap to me than blindness. Sealed ears render more difficult every path to knowledge. The deaf are as hungry for a word as the blind are for a book under their fingers, yet it is harder to find people who will talk with the deaf than people who will supply the sightless with embossed books. . . . Regretfully I perceive the impossibility of working for both the blind and the deaf. . . . The effort to alleviate either misfortune more than fills a life time. Reluctantly, therefore, I have confined my activities almost exclusively to dwellers in the Dark Land.

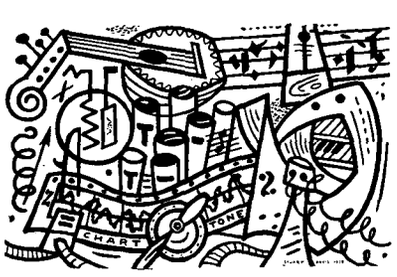
By the middle of November Miss Keller and her companion were happily established with Polly Thomson's brother and his charming family at the Manse, outside Glasgow. The period covered is only a few months; in February she is back in Forest Hills where another test of her readjustment awaits her in the familiar surroundings of her life with her teacher. Her attitude here is, I think, the fullest tribute to Mrs. Macy's work. Miss Keller writes as any normal, warm-hearted person would write under similar circumstances. Little memories are painful; there are great emptinesses, but her life is by no means empty. Mrs. Macy tried never to let Helen Keller feel that she was different from others. Writing as she does, with varied and vivid images from acquired senses (though very rarely an auditory one), Miss Keller has fulfilled her teacher's ambition.

Musicians in Paris

CONCERT PITCH. By Elliot Paul. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THOUGH they make music in both places, it is a long way from the Salle Gaveau in Paris to Cosme's café at Santa Eulalia. An equal gap of mood and manner separates this novel of Mr. Paul's from his memorable and forthright description, in "The Life and Death of a Spanish Town," of how civil war came to one Balearic island. The novel is a story of musicians in Paris, recalling the author's earlier pictures of artistic *milieux* in "Indelible" and "Imperturbe,"—works which fluttered local dovecotes briefly over a decade ago. The plot resolutely avoids the ordinary conventions of fiction, and is nearly indescribable. Suffice it to say that it's all about a young pianist and his still beautiful mother, both expatriate Americans. A prominent Parisian critic discovers the boy, sponsors him in his concert debut, and takes him to America for a tour. The narrator, who is also a critic, is in love with the mother, and glad to get the boy out of the way, though he is familiar with the somewhat unsavory reputation of his colleague. The mother marries her critic; the boy rushes back to France when he discovers the true nature of his mentor's interest. There follows a series of subtly arranged emotional conflicts, ending in the failure of the marriage.



Jacket design of "Concert Pitch."

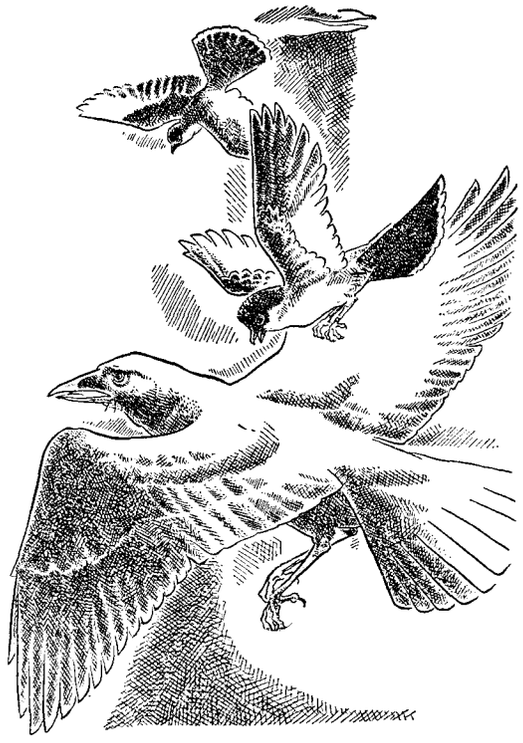
Mr. Paul lavishes his excellent style and sound knowledge of music, musicians, and Paris on this odd and improbable story. The book reiterates again and again the note of frustration, as maddening in its way as the "stratophone" music invented by the modernist composer in the tale. The whole thing is ingeniously written and worked out with exceptional care, but in spite of some striking scenes and at least two remarkable portraits (the French critic and a Spanish woman pianist), it is not a first rate musical novel. The central figures remain unreal and the drama static.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*BOOK PREVIEW**

The Little Tyrant

BY LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.



DRAWING BY LYND WARD
From "Birds against Men."

IN birds as in men, if it's valor you want you had better look among the smaller sizes. Only the small fully realize the meaning of that word. Your Goliaths may have stout enough hearts, but they can never match the Davids of this world in shows of valor; their size is against them. Little Napoleon, with his white belly, his blue coat, and his cocked hat not much above five feet from the ground, may have had many hulking corporals in his guard, but surely none so valorous as he.

And now that I think of it, the little kingbird bears a quite noticeable resemblance to the little corporal. Outwardly, of course, the similarity is unmistakable. There is the same white belly contrasting with a dark coat, the disproportionately large head with its red cockade. Napoleon ruled the eagles of France, of Austria, of Germany, and almost (if winter had only delayed) of Russia; similarly the kingbird, whose official Latin title, *Tyrannus tyrannus,* you might interpret as Tyrant of Tyrants, dominates all eagles and lesser hawks that have the temerity to approach his kingdom. During the warm months there is no doubt in these parts of who rules. Only winter can accomplish his overthrow and drive him into exile. And that is easily understandable, for the kingbird is really a foreigner here, speaking with a strange Latin accent, hailing from warmer southern climes. Almost all of the 358 members of his family live exclusively in the tropics.

Considering what a dominant figure the kingbird was in our political economy last summer, his arrival was singularly unobtrusive. He did not marshal his strength in the sky, or utter trumpet-calls to give notice of his advent. Merely—one morning at the beginning of May—there he was, white belly gleaming, massive black head planted squarely on stalwart shoulders, sitting on a telephone wire that gave him command of a grassy field in which flying insects that ventured too close were singled out for annihilation and promptly dispatched. He was clearly a soldier of merit, but as yet he showed none of those domineering traits that later won him unquestioned supremacy.

I have seen something of the lands through which my kingbird passed on his way to our plot of ground, and to me his journey has a glamour that he could never comprehend. He traveled through countries with exotic names like Ecuador, like Guatemala, as a man passes Fifth Street and Fourth Street every morning on his way to the office. He had no appreciation of names and their meaning, of social or historical geography. The monumental stone ruins of ancient civilizations hidden in the forests were on a par with our frame garage near the apple tree. The clumps of palms slanting out over turbid alligator rivers, the spreading ceiba trees standing before white plaster churches in remote Indian villages, the breadfruit trees with their strangely patterned leaves, the giant mahoganies in which he perched, were no different from our poplars. Smoldering volcanoes meant nothing. I have seen the kingbird in these tropical lands—possibly the very kingbird—but I have seen no gleam of romance in his eye. He was hawking after insects in the same business-like manner there as here. An insect is an insect, a tree is a tree, earth is earth, sky, sky. What have latitude and longitude to do with that?

At the end of the journey stood the beacon of Destiny, the goal of the Great Adventure, that little apple tree on the lawn between our house and the garage. Still obedient to his fate, he claimed the apple tree as his stage and waited, knowing (and not knowing) that the solitary first labor of his mission had been accomplished, that from now on he would have a mate to share his duties. And sure enough, within a few days he was joined at his post by another kingbird, who took for granted his presence as he took for granted her arrival.

It is easy enough to conjure up the picture of a pleasant domestic scene to describe the family life of the kingbird—something on the order of the hearth-loving English vicar of the nineteenth century, surrounded by devoted wife, clay pipe, and three affectionate daughters. It was quite the fashion some years ago to draw moral sustenance from the examples of the good life set us by our feathered brethren. But the age of moral elevation has passed, and the feathered brethren, like the unfeathered, have had their manners corrupted by the literature of an irresponsible new age. Times change, birds change.

I cannot conscientiously report that my kingbirds underwent any mystical or moral experience in the process of their union. As far as I could tell it was a purely practical matter. One after another, the female produced four eggs in the interior of her body, and one after another her mate fertilized them, acting exactly as though he had a perfect understanding of the mysterious processes of egg-production and embryogeny. You might have thought that both birds were expert embryologists from the way they seemed to know just how much brooding was necessary, increasing the amount gradually from day to day. But they had read no book on the prenatal care of birds, attended no course of lectures, studied no diagrams. The kingbirds themselves were not surprised when they felt the eggs stirring beneath them. As passive instruments of an unfathomable fate they accepted as they performed, without fear or question. And now the labor of the performance was increased by the necessity of filling those four bottomless gullets.

I have heard a good many stories about the fierceness of a lioness in the defense of her cubs, but I would set my king-

(*Continued on page* 17)

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents an excerpt from "Birds against Men," by Louis J. Halle, Jr., to be published April 8 by the Viking Press.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

Pleasing Confusion

WHENAS I grow dissatisfied
And view my underpinning
With anything but joy and pride,
(They *do* need drastic thinning!)
The while my undistinguished arms,
No dimpled elbows showing,
Are terminated, minus charms,
By hands well planned for rowing:

Then I repair to buildings where,
By modern brushes painted
On walls expansive, strain and stare
The sinner and the sainted.
I look my fill, then off I move
From urban scene or rural,
Whilst thanking all my stars above
That I am equicrural*,
With members one *could* come to love,
Unlike those paws mismated of
The women in a mural!

* The meaning? Webster this provides:
—"Having equal legs or sides—"

MAY HENDERSON TAYLOR.

Don and Il Duce

I have spoken of Don Marquis as our closest affinity to Mark Twain. He never showed himself more so than in his letter declining office in the "Mark Twain Society." Cyril Clemens kindly sent me a copy:—

Hotel Hollywood
Hollywood, California. May 27th, 1927.

My dear Mr. Clemens:

I am in receipt of your letter offering me an Honorary Vice-Presidency in the Mark Twain Society.

I don't wish to appear unappreciative or ungrateful—but I notice that Premier Benito Mussolini is Honorary President; and if I can't be an Honorary President, like he is, I don't think I want to join.

Is there any office higher than Honorary President? I mean, except President—I notice you are the President yourself, and, of course, I don't expect that. But isn't there an office somewhere in between Mussolini's and yours that I could have; higher than Honorary President, but not as high as President?

If there is, put me down for it. But if there isn't, I'm afraid I can't join—it's not jealousy, really, it's a matter of principle not to let a foreigner like Mussolini have a higher office than mine, even if he is funnier than I am.

Yours cordially and sincerely,
DON MARQUIS.

There must be many who do not realize the extensive work done by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in distributing books and pamphlets all over the world. The annual report of the Intercourse and Education Division (President Nicholas Murray Butler, director) speaks most interestingly on this topic; the whole report, which may be had from the Endowment office 405 West 117 St., New York, makes antiseptic reading in a poisonous time. There isn't space here to discuss it at any length, and sometimes books seem to move pretty slowly compared to bombs; but we can only stick to the kind of dynamics we understand. By the end of 1937 the Carnegie Endowment had established in nearly 800 small-town libraries what it calls International Mind Alcoves,

LOBBY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, *September, 1937.*

to which carefully selected books are sent dealing with the cultures and problems of different nations.

Particularly one may notice the Endowment's work in sending abroad inexpensive reprints of standard works in the English language, to encourage the reading of American and English literature in other countries. Although this phase of the Endowment's activity has never been advertised or pushed it spreads mysteriously and now has a mailing list of 12,260 names scattered all over the world. It has proved necessary to limit to 10 the number of books sent to any one individual. The books that were distributed in 1937 to introduce foreign-language readers to the Anglo-Saxon mind were these:—

Lewis Carroll: Alice in Wonderland
Charles Dickens: A Christmas Carol
A. Conan Doyle: Tales of Sherlock Holmes
Emerson: Essays
Thomas Hardy: Under the Greenwood Tree
W. H. Hudson: Green Mansions
Palgrave (editor): The Golden Treasury
Shakespeare: The Merchant of Venice

We are occasionally chaffed for our devotion to Sherlock Holmes; it is good to see him recognized by the canny Carnegians as one of the completely universal creations of the Anglo-American mind. We may be allowed to say Anglo-American as Sherlock has in him so large an infusion of Poe's Dupin. (Even Doyle's initials, has it been remarked, are interchangeable with Dupin's.)

The last of the Carnegie list might seem a little dubious, in some nations, as a textbook of pacification?

But this report, and particularly President Butler's foreword describing the Martian observer's impressions of Earth's follies, is worth reading entire and saving as a document.

Doctrine of Residues

I've been meaning for some time to say something of my own private game of Cancelling Out in reading the newspapers. It is somewhat in the mood of President Butler's observer from Mars, who presumably would not take sides pro or con anything but merely and coldly observe. Some recent skullthumper (Pareto, I dare say) announced a Doctrine of Residues. Along the same line I extract the residual News from the day's paper by seeing how many items cancel each other. All possible cancellations having been made, what is left is the net of the day's tidings.

I'm not in any mood today (March 17) to expound my private game in detail; it was invented in less ominous times and the papers just now are too sorry reading. But I'll give you the idea briefly: you can work it out for yourself. It is best done when two people each have a copy of the same paper. A having chosen an item, B tries to find one which (by mutual consent or by the decision of an arbitrator) cancels out with it. The one left with the greater number of uncancelled items is the winner.

I'll choose a few random examples of Cancellations from today's paper:—

Greta Garbo says she has no intention of marrying. *But* Kay Francis is going to wed a fifth husband.

The Buick motor factory shuts down for a week. *But* the Ontario power plant is emerging from the ice-jam at Niagara.

The Irish in New York held a fine parade. *But* the Premier of Northern Ireland was on his way to confer with Prime Minister Chamberlain.

Neville Chamberlain was having a

(*Continued on page* 15)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

reports on the new novel by the author of LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

HANS FALLADA

Sparrow's Eye View

SPARROW FARM. By Hans Fallada. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by S. A. Nock

THE little clerk turns into a sparrow, and flies off to meet his dangers and his love. We are happy to fly with him, and to share his troubles with the old witch, and the bad sorcerer, and the good magician, and the foundling who becomes a magpie—happy because we delight in fairy tales. Most of us were brought up on them, and regret that we can no longer have as good a time with Grimm and Andersen and others as we used to.

Consequently, when Hans Fallada gives us a fairy tale, one in the good old German tradition, in which the characters are people, we read it with delight. Guntram and Asio and Bubo and the rest are individuals who are interesting in themselves; and what they do is perfectly satisfactory according to the requirements of a good fairy tale. Likewise, Eric Sutton's translation of the author's language is just right for the telling of a charming and amusing story.

The only trace of the Fallada we knew in "Little Man, What Now?" is in the criticism of humanity from the point of view of a sparrow. There is just enough of it to make us think a moment, and to chuckle over our own solemnity: then the fairy tale goes on, excitingly and beautifully. The German countryside, where all self-respecting fairy tales have their setting; the sorcerers and the witches on broomsticks and the enchanted cat, all are present. Here is that rarest of fictions, a fairy tale for grown-ups.

SPARROW FARM

AT ALL BOOKSTORES $2.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, N.Y.

Books in the News

(*Continued from page 4*)

ganization of Nazi Germany is provided by Professor F. Morstein Marx, whose "Government in the Third Reich" now appears in a second edition.

Unequivocably hostile accounts of contemporary Germany are presented by Frederick L. Schuman and Robert A. Brady, who rely more heavily upon Marxist interpretation. Professor Schuman's "Germany Since 1918," in the Berkshire Historical Series, summarizes post-war events in admirable fashion and condenses his earlier writings, notably "The Nazi Dictatorship," on the economic motivations of national socialism. In "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism," Professor Brady puts forth a complete and cogent analysis of national socialism as a "dictatorship of monopoly capitalism." Although these volumes frequently over-simplify complex situations, they provide a provocative frame of reference for evaluating the modern world. Kurt G. W. Ludecke expresses his opposition to Hitlerism in personal rather than dialectic terms, relating in "I Knew Hitler" the story of his fall from grace in the Nazi party. His book captures much of the excitement of revolution, with stories of intrigues and concentration camps.

Laudatory commentaries on the Nazi rule are understandably scarce in English and American publications. Unlike Mussolini, whose more heroic physiognomy and prompt trains have evoked admiration in Anglo-Saxon breasts, Herr Hitler has consistently antagonized even those Britons and Americans most favorably disposed toward Germany. The most enthusiastic report on the new Reich which I have encountered is Sven Hedin's "Germany and World Peace." Recounting his travels and lectures in Germany, the famous Swedish explorer endorses virtually every aspect of Hitlerism. Another commendatory volume is "I Know These Dictators," by G. Ward Price, correspondent for the Rothermere press. Presenting Der Fuehrer as a gallant and friendly patriot, Mr. Price makes the best possible case for dictatorship and argues vigorously for an Anglo-German rapprochement.

Several more specialized studies are available for those who desire to investigate national socialism in greater detail. The unsatisfactory economic results of Hitlerism are effectively measured in "Germany: The Last Four Years," a compilation of articles which appeared in *The Banker* of London under the pseudonym "Germanicus." The Nazification of education, one of the most ominous aspects of the new Germany, is fully described in "German Universities and National Socialism," by Edward Y. Hartshorne, Jr. In "International Aspects of German Racial Policies," Professors O. I. Janowsky and M. M. Fagen weigh the legal issues involved in the vast exodus of refugees. The background of the current religious conflict within Germany will be found in "From U-Boat to Pulpit," the impressive autobiography of Pastor Martin Niemoeller, whose recent incarceration indicates that martyrdom is still possible in the twentieth century.

The domestic strife and international instability which created national socialism are nowhere more clearly pictured than in the second volume of the Stresemann papers, translated and edited by Eric Sutton, which appeared last month. The failure of the French and British to grant the concessions which might have maintained Stresemann's prestige at home undoubtedly contributed to the rise of Herr Hitler. A lively account of pre-Hitler Germany will be found in "Conquest of the Past," the autobiography of Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein.

Poor Austria seems to have been as systematically neglected by publishers in recent years as by foreign chancelleries. Apart from the Gunther and Fodor volumes listed previously, there are few books which adequately survey what a few weeks ago was called "the Austrian problem." The fall of the House of Hapsburg is colorfully depicted in "Death of an Empire," by Imre Balassa. "Post-war German-Austrian Relations: The Anschluss Movement, 1918-1936," by Mary M. Ball, is a comprehesive and well documented survey of an outstanding problem which Der Fuehrer solved without resort to careful scholarship.

INSIDE EUROPE. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. Rev. ed. $3.50.
PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By M. W. Fodor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $3.50.
EUROPE IN CRISIS. By Vera Micheles Dean. New York: Foreign Policy Association. 1938. 25c.
BACKGROUND OF WAR. By the Editors of Fortune. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $2.50.*
THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT. By Stephen Henry Roberts. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $3.
THE THIRD REICH. By Henri Lichtenberger. New York: Greystone Press. 1937. $3.
GOVERNMENT IN THE THIRD REICH. By F. Morstein Marx. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1937. 2nd ed. $1.50.
GERMANY SINCE 1918. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1937. $1.
SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Robert Alexander Brady. New York: Viking Press. 1937. $3.
I KNEW HITLER. By Kurt G. W. Ludecke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $3.75.
GERMANY AND WORLD PEACE. By Sven Hedin. London: Hutchinson. 1937. 15s.
I KNOW THESE DICTATORS. By G. Ward Price. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1938. $3.
GERMANY: THE LAST FOUR YEARS. By "Germanicus." Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. $1.75.
GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By Edward Yarnell Hartshorne, Jr. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1937. $2.
FROM U-BOAT TO PULPIT. By Martin Niemoeller. New York: Willett, Clark & Co. 1937. $2.
INTERNATIONAL ASPECTS OF GERMAN RACIAL POLICIES. By O. I. Janowsky and M. M. Fagen. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $2.
GUSTAV STRESEMANN: HIS DIARIES, LETTERS, AND PAPERS. Edited by Eric Sutton. Vol. II. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $6.50.
CONQUEST OF THE PAST. By Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1938. $3.50.
DEATH OF AN EMPIRE. By Imre Balassa. New York: Hillman-Curl. 1937. $3.
POST-WAR GERMAN AUSTRIAN RELATIONS: THE ANSCHLUSS MOVEMENT, 1918-1936. By Mary Margaret Ball. Palo Alto: Stanford University Press. 1937. $4.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 13)

tough time in Parliament. *But* here's a picture of Anthony Eden at the bookstall at Victoria Station, choosing a book to read on his vacation.

St. Paul's Church at Glen Cove, L. I., is closed as being structurally unsafe. *But* Westminster Abbey is holding a special prayer service every Monday midday during political uncertainty.

The month's index of newspaper advertising space is 14% under the figure for a year ago. *But* Burroughs Adding Machines declared a dividend of 10 cents a share.

A former President of the New York Stock Exchange pleaded guilty to grand larceny. *But* an old man in Brooklyn turned in a wallet he found on the street.

As a game this is best kept confidential. It is likely to become too sardonic.

The Teacher on Vacation

Henry W. Simon, of Columbia University, has written an attractive and lively little book (Oxford Press; $1.50) called *Preface to Teaching*. The problems of the young dominie are more difficult than is sometimes realized. "Teaching," Dr. Simon justly says, "while it can be the best way in the world to earn a living, can also be social, intellectual, and emotional stagnation." I was particularly pleased by the chapter *How Not To Be A Schoolmarm*, in which he gives some excellent advice about summer vacations:—

"1. Don't go on a conducted tour unless it is for some specific purpose like a study of housing conditions or of the drama and is led by a reputable authority in that field.

"2. Travel alone or with only one or two companions. Larger groups often do more things for less money, but you spend too much time with your kind and it is all too safe and comfortable to be much more than a prolonged picnic.

"3. Don't visit more than one or two countries and don't move about constantly within those two. Railroad stations, tourist hotels, and monuments are the accidents of a civilization. A month as a house-holder in a Dorset village will give you a better understanding of English life and psychology than two months of buses and bargains.

"4. Visit no large countries whose language and civilization you have not studied. Know just why you are going and what you expect to find. Your experience will still be unexpected enough."

In re teaching, we may have some notions or anxieties of our own to offer presently; we are leaving this Green for a three weeks' course at a Middle-Western college—both for give and take. The late Professor Firkins, great scholar at Minnesota, once said that his dream was for teacher and taught to meet somewhere under open sky, without a building, a textbook or a program, there to test each other's mettle. Certainly, so far as the literatures are concerned, most teaching takes place under artificial conditions. There are, I suppose, two particular dangers: one, the tendency of the teacher to build a Spite Fence around his subject: to make it seem more difficult of access than it really is. The other danger, just as real, is to give the impression that everything can be popularized, made simple and understandable by any easycomer. Even literature, sometimes thought to be the playground for sportsman and amateur, yields its genuine rewards only to difficult study.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 208)

BANGS—"FOOTHILLS OF PARNASSUS."

First families are very fine
If one believes in caste.
.....
But take it first and last,
There's little in a family tree
Whose fruit has gone to seed;
'Tis better far for one to be
A mushroom minus pedigree
But of the best variety.

Sinclair Lewis calls Josephine Lawrence, "an exceedingly important and interesting novelist."

The Challenging Novel About Women Who Indulge in "Self-Sacrifice"

BOW DOWN TO WOOD AND STONE

By Josephine Lawrence

. . . and Sinclair Lewis continues:

"She snarls with gaiety, she smites with tenderness, and in revealing what emotion-ruled men and women think they are about, when they are really about something far less pink and golden, Miss Lawrence does not forget that the first task of a novelist is to tell a story."

$2.50 · **20th Thousand**

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comic Romance

JOURNEY TO THE WEST. By Darwin L. Teilhet. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

HITHERTO chiefly a manufacturer of mystery stories, Mr. Teilhet has now let himself go with both barrels in reviving a neglected kind of novel, the comic romance. His picaresque hero is Rufus Cobb, advertising agent, fired from a job for having written articles in a radical magazine. His scene is the Pacific coast from Seattle to Los Angeles, down which Cobb makes jerky and violent progress in a succession of episodes ranging from grave to gay. At the end of the story Solveig reclaims her Peer Gynt, battered almost beyond recognition in a Homeric fight to save a brewery from racketeers. Like a proper hero of the comic romance, Cobb seldom comes to the surface in the company of respectable society. His career is in the half-world of charlatans and dupes, racketeers and scoundrels, easy women and easy money. He lives by his wits. He is an immortal liar, perpetual victim of his own dramatizations. His failures frequently culminate in fearful physical punishment, but like the heroes of picaresque fiction, he is equipped with miraculous physical vitality which carries him through an incredible amount of torture and assault.

The comic romance does not have to be everywhere comic—if it were, it would be insupportable—and Mr. Teilhet, under the conventions of the form, is permitted to swing from farce to tragedy. Because the juxtaposition of moods is not easy to manage, it is sometimes difficult to equate the various chapters in the story. Cobb's occasional big drunks, for example, are written with farcical abandon, whereas the scenes depicting labor violence are ugly and brutal. The ground note of the novel, however, is found in the fact that, seen on its seamy side as Cobb perceives it, society on the Coast is everywhere predatory, whether the episode concerns a strike, the Townsend plan, the movies, the advertising business, or the radio. But even predatory society cannot completely extinguish the varieties of human nature; and in the succession of rogues and rascals, male and female, who populate the chapters lies the fun and interest of the tale. Except where Mr. Teilhet's indignation is aroused by cruelty, these characters are pictured as a human and likable lot.

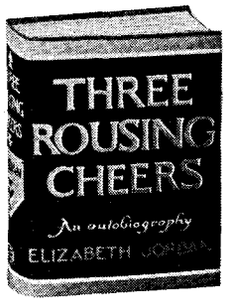
There is no test for the length of comic romance except interest. Provided that the reading be good, it matters not whether there be five episodes or fifty. "Journey to the West," being long, is uneven; there is some repetition of pattern; and probably the book could have been condensed with profit. Nevertheless, its pages come alive to a remarkable degree.

What the book lacks is a theory of human nature something deeper than amusement or disgust. Here is where Mr. Teilhet fails to approach the stature of "Tom Jones." At the end of six hundred pages Cobb has come to feel that he has been a fraud, and battles for his girl, but except for the fact that the heroine loves him, there is no reason in this succession of diverting episodes for the psychological reversal in his character which concludes the story. Yet, with every temptation to go off the deep end into reformatory fiction, "Journey to the West" remains persistently a novel—and what with the desperate earnestness which afflicts a good deal of contemporary fiction writing, this is one of its chief merits. All in all, it is darn good reading, and it may even turn out to be an important book.

The eagerly awaited Autobiography of

Elizabeth Jordan

THREE ROUSING CHEERS



The absorbing story of a woman who has been a successful star reporter, newspaper and magazine editor, novelist, playwright, columnist and critic. "A deeply satisfying book."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* "Can never go out of fashion: not profound, not freighted with problems of social or economic import, but lively, clever, natural and richly human." —*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Illustrated. $3.00

The Catholic Book Club Selection for March

D. APPLETON-CENTURY COMPANY, 35 West 32nd St., New York

Family History with Variations

CAROLINE ENGLAND. By Noel Streatfeild. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

READERS of fiction are now pretty familiar with the theme of the decay of an English upper middle class family. It is a pleasure to report that Miss Streatfeild's "Caroline England" is a variation which almost, if not quite, restores to this theme something of its original freshness.

There is little in the structure of this book which is original. Even that august and banal intruder, the royal funeral (in this instance that of George V), trails its sable across her closing pages. How often English novelists have used the obsequies of Victoria, Edward, and George to punctuate or pronounce the decline of some family! But even this tired device seems permissible here; for Miss Streatfeild has restraint, delicacy, integrity.

Her novel falls into two parts; and, if these two parts could have been reconciled, there would have been no denying its distinction. The first part tells of Caroline's Victorian childhood. It has all that homesick quality which English novelists can bring to the description of a past just beyond the reach of their personal memory. It is at once a lament and a fairy tale, half mournful, half enchanted. But Caroline the young rebel is completely distinct from Caroline the conventional wife of John England. Miss Streatfeild might have been writing of two different characters.

The novel's back is thus broken beyond repair. But Miss Streatfeild succeeds in carrying over into its second part some of the atmosphere which pervades the first. The tale is at once quiet and vivid; the characters spring from the author's brain and not, as is so often the case, from her theme. The theme is scarcely more than this—that women of Caroline England's type are passing from the English scene, just as surely as their family possessions are passing into other hands. It is this reviewer's conviction that, until other aspects of English life are more fully explored, this particular theme cannot hope to recover whatever vitality it may once have had; but Miss Streatfeild comes as near to shaking this conviction as any novelist he has ever read.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Little Tyrant

(*Continued from page* 12)

bird up against any lioness, real or legendary. When the young were out in the open, exposed to the attack of every passing hawk, he and his mate were transformed into a pair of Furies who anticipated the need of vengeance by harrying the countryside with a fierce, demoniac rage. The smaller birds were unmolested as long as they kept their distance. But an interdict was issued against all greater fowl, especially the hawks, who were proscribed from showing themselves anywhere within the circle of the horizon. No longer was there peace in the land. At any moment the air might be torn by the staccato shrieks of the kingbirds and I would spin about in time to see them go sizzling into the sky like a pair of rockets after a distant speck of a hawk passing through on the way to his feeding grounds.

I must not give the impression that the kingbirds were prompted to assault an enemy so much more powerful than themselves by mere recklessness. As children of nature they were far too practical for that. Napoleon may have been a romanticist in his aims, but he was an utter realist in policy; until the end he never attacked except with a realistic confidence in his own superiority. The kingbird, similarly, knew his own powers and the strength of the enemy, and he reckoned accordingly. Note that he always attacked from above, the one position in which he was safe from retaliation. I have seen my kingbird ascend almost vertically for twenty or thirty feet to capture some insect passing overhead. A hawk cannot make so steep a grade. His method is to rise slowly in sweeping circles till he has reached his pitch, and from there to prey on what lies below him. The kingbird knew that he was safe in his attack as long as he remained above. Even so, he never quite closed in, as he did with crows, being careful always to keep a few inches' leeway between himself and the hawk he was storming. His tactics were always shrewd, rather than reckless.

I am not much given to hero-worship, but before the summer was over I was persuaded that the kingbird could do no wrong. To a human being, endowed with the intelligence and imagination that distract men from their purpose, confuse their policy, and lead them into a morass of doubts and hesitations, the kingbird's ever-unhesitating choice of the right course could only command admiration. He never wavered between alternatives. He never questioned. He was never uncertain. And he was always amazingly right. The triumph of his sovereignty was inevitable from the first because it was inevitable that he should always use his powers to their best advantage. In the strength of his single-mindedness that little mite, not so big as my fist, became a symbol of invincible purpose in nature.

COMING NEXT WEEK

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

- **THE EXCITEMENTS OF READING**
  By BURTON RASCOE
- **ALMANAC OF SPRING BOOKS**
  By DONALD GORDON
- **A BOOKMAN'S MAP OF THE UNITED STATES**
  By DANIEL K. WALLINGFORD
- **THIS YEAR'S THEATRE**
  By JOHN ANDERSON
- **BOOK-NEWS PICTURES**
  By SRL STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
- **NEWS, REVIEWS and PREVIEWS OF SPRING BOOKS**
- **PERSONAL PREFERENCES for PULITZER PRIZES**

The *Saturday Review* is polling the principal literary critics of the United States on the question:

WHAT BOOKS OF 1937 WOULD YOU NOMINATE FOR THIS YEAR'S PULITZER PRIZE AWARDS?

This is the first time that the professional critics of the country have had the opportunity to express themselves collectively (though their votes will be listed individually) on the outstanding annual news event in the book world—the PULITZER PRIZE awards. While these choices are unofficial they are significant and will certainly arouse wide interest and attention.

The results will be announced next week in

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carl Gustav Jung's American Lectures

PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION. By Carl Gustav Jung. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HEALY, M.D.

IN this slender volume we have Jung up-to-date. The earlier Jung of word association tests and of the introvert-extravert psychological types has through his anthropological researches in our West and in Africa, his preoccupation with the collective unconscious, and his interests in medieval and oriental symbolisms, evolved into the mystic that he readily acknowledges he really is. But the true mystic is, curiously enough, generally much concerned with the practical affairs of life—and so it is with Jung, as we see in these Terry Lectures.

Many ideas about the basic foundations of religious needs and beliefs, and incidentally about mass drives and impulses of our contemporary life, are in these lectures, strung upon a main thread issuing from the dream life of a patient. Out of hundreds of dreams which this intellectually well-equipped patient recorded, a couple in particular are seized upon as indicating the deep roots of religious feelings and conceptions. The symbolic material in the dreams is interpreted in the light of the author's vast erudition. We learn of the incompleteness of the Trinity because it does not include any feminine element.—The fourth constituent of the early Christian philosophers is the earth or body, personified as a female figure, the anima, and symbolized by the Virgin. But "the quaternity in modern dreams is a product of the unconscious." And then we also find that through dreams as well as in art, architecture, and religious poetry, there is evidence that in the mandala or circle, there is a uniting of the four elements which so united function together harmoniously.

Dreams, of course, bring proof of repression, of contents of the mind excluded from conscious life. "Unfortunately there is no doubt about the fact that man is, as a whole, less good than he imagines himself or wants to be. Everyone carries a shadow, and the less it is embodied in the individual's conscious life, the blacker and denser it is." From this statement we see the fundamental concern of the analytic therapeutic procedures of both Freud and Jung—let the latter's divergencies from the founder of psychoanalysis be what they may.

Jung confidently disclaims indulging in metaphysics, maintaining that he proceeds, rather, in his reasoning always from the standpoint of fact finding, of uncovering data—in the individual case and in the mental life of whole peoples. If one discovers evidence of symbolism in dreams, in art, and in religious literature from ancient times onward, it must be that the unconscious mind has somehow a common and racial continuity. This brings one back once more to his assumption that the unconscious has carried along from generation to generation by biological inheritance through a sort of mental preconditioning, which he believes is a characteristic of cerebral activity. Religious experience is absolute and indisputable and must signify something related to the archetype or unconscious mental background of all of us.

The problems of civilization are related to repressed tendencies; mental epidemics "of which we have now a fair number" are the resultant of dull people in some sense losing the idea of God. The neo-paganism of Germany, its modern Wotan worship, was in general predictable as early as 1918 through the dream-life of Germans. Jung's patient felt a great deal better after a vision of the mandala—he then sensed a "sublime harmony," evidently a sort of oneness with God. Not that Jung regards his observations as any kind of proof of the existence of God; he thinks it would be a regrettable mistake if anybody should misunderstand him thus. From his studies of the unconscious mental life and of symbolism he says that all that can be proved is that there is an archetypal image of the deity which to his mind "is the most we can assert psychologically about God."

Dr. Healy is director of the Judge Baker Guidance Center, Boston, and author of "Personality in Formation and Action."

Brisk Pamphlet Treatment of Matters of Public Policy

The Commodity Dollar

By Harry D. Gideonse. Can prices be stabilized without central control of taxation, public spending, war and peace? Can we have a liberal society and a stabilized price level?

How the National Income Is Divided

By Albert G. Hart. Have the rich been growing richer and the poor, poorer? Can wages be raised at the expense of profits?

Collective Security and Peaceful Change

By Pitman B. Potter. Is our "neutrality" merely making the world safe for dictators? After Ethiopia, Spain and Shanghai, what is left of the "Geneva method"?

Price and Production Control in British Industry

By Ben W. Lewis. Is Great Britain going through the German cycle of "protection," "organization," rigid prices, and controlled output to authoritarian government?

A Positive Program for Laissez Faire

By Henry C. Simons. Can any of the traditional "freedoms" be maintained if intelligence and public authority are not used to restore competitive conditions?

Each pamphlet, 25 cents.
FIVE PAMPHLETS, postpaid, $1.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THEY SAILED FOR SENEGAL
By D. WILSON MacARTHUR
"Read it if you want your hair to stand on end."—*N. Y. Her-Trib.*
STOKES $2.50

A Great Scientist

CLAUDE BERNARD, PHYSIOLOGIST. By J. M. D. Olmsted. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1938. $4.

Reviewed by LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

AS he walked the streets, the passers-by turned and looked at him and said, "Who can he be? He must be some distinguished man." That they did not know him is quite typical of his posthumous fame.

Claude Bernard's name and achievements are not within the compass of what an educated man, not especially interested in the history of science, might be expected to know. His achievements nevertheless were very important. More than anyone else, even more than Johannes Müller, he took physiology when it was a disjointed set of observations and he left it a coherent whole—a science.

Actually thrust into the world at Saint-Julien, his real birthplace was Lyons, the great liberal spiritual capital of France, which nurtured Rabelais and Champier and the magnificent Renaissance printers when Paris would have stifled them with the intellectual thralldom of the academy and the spiritual serfdom of the church.

His scientific career began when he became a pupil of Magendie in 1841. In 1854 he succeeded Magendie in the chair of physiology at the Sorbonne. Magendie was essentially an experimenter. And while his investigations were haphazard, he thought in terms of experiment, and this influence developed Bernard's own true bent. "Put off your imagination," Bernard wrote, "as you put off your overcoat when you enter the laboratory: but put it on again, as you do your overcoat, when you leave the laboratory. Put it away from you during the experiment lest it hinder your observing power." Bernard's experiments, unlike Magendie's, were directed systematically.

His great work was to show that all the functions of the body are unified and depend upon the processes of nutrition. In 1843, he began the investigations that finally proved the glycogenic function of the liver—that is that the liver manufactures an animal starch from the food and that this glycogen is the fuel of the animal machine. His work in digestion disclosed the functions of the pancreas. He showed that destruction of a part of the central nervous system causes diabetes, and that salivary secretion is influenced by the chorda tympani nerve. His work on the vaso-motor control of the circulation was of almost equal importance. He showed experimentally that the blood supply to any part obeys mechanical laws. He coined the term "internal secretion."

Such a scant outline does little justice to the influence of his work. All the physiology that has followed him stands in his shadow.

Professor Olmsted has given us a complete, well documented biography. He has had access to many hitherto unused original sources. His summary of Bernard's work is the enthusiastic judgment of a trained physiologist.

Logan Clendening is the author of "The Human Body."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man Behind Gun

THE MEN I KILLED. By Brigadier General Frank Percy Crozier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by
R. ERNEST DUPUY, MAJOR, F. A., U. S. A.

THIS book by General Crozier, retired British Army officer, is a typical "true confession," pointed to the conclusion that non-resistance is the only salvation of mankind. Like all "true confessions" it is a teaser which will lead the morbid to turn page after page for somethink really juicy. A futile hunt, I warn you. Summed up, the author makes the bald statement that only at the revolver's point can men in modern war be driven to success in battle. One gets from his book a mental picture of the successful line officer's role in the World War—a Simon Legree with blazing pistol, in front of whom his terrified men rush on the enemy to escape death at his hands. "The regiment priding itself on always getting its objectives or holding its position," states the author, "is actually admitting the presence of that revolver."

This will be news to men of the A.E.F. Survivors of the Lost Battalion may even —and rightly—resent such a slur upon the gallant Whittlesey and themselves. Veterans of the Old Contemptibles who wear on their breasts the Mons ribbon as evidence of that horrid August retreat of 1914, when Britain's regulars proved that disciplined flesh and blood can rise superior to that same flesh and blood's infirmities, should be able to bear witness that they did not fight and march and turn to fight again simply because they feared their officers' revolvers.

Sherman's famous "War is Hell" summed the matter up. It was, it is, it will be. War presents human nature in the raw —never a pretty sight. And General Crozier is indeed entitled to his opinion and to his convictions, whatever they may be, on the subject. But perhaps the people of Nanking may not see eye to eye with him on the virtues of non-resistance.

That this book will be widely quoted by antagonists of national defense in this country is indubitable. That it will be widely read, however, is to be doubted, for General Crozier has seen fit to intermingle so many animadversions on British politics, so many references to men and affairs in which Americans have not the slightest interest, with such a quantity of maudlin quasi-religious exhibitionism as to produce a most uninteresting book.

Major Dupuy is co-author of a recent book on military affairs, "If War Comes."

Mr. Walpole's Stories

HEAD IN GREEN BRONZE. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1938. $2.50.

HERE are reprints of short stories which have appeared in various magazines at intervals during the last fifteen years. Their aim, as the author says in a disarming preface, is only to entertain; and most of them are written in a mood of really excessive kindliness, far removed from the vein of macabre cruelty in which he has done his best work in this form. The note is struck by the title story, "A Vision of Judgment" (among the artists) in which the sincere worker is allowed Donatello as a tutor for the head in green bronze she never could achieve on earth, while the worst damnation is to be "turned over to Henry Fielding for an aeon or two." This reminds us of a jingle of our childhood:

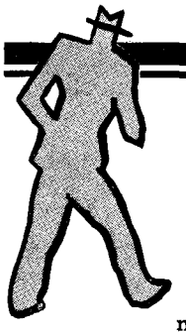
Here lies Sister Mary Ann
At peace on the bosom of Abraham.
It's all very well for Mary Ann,
But it's darned hard luck on Abraham.

Nearly half the book is occupied by a series of related stories about a group of enterprising young men who contract to remove bores from their clients' lives. One or two of the other stories go deeper, notably "The German," a story of a dachshund who is for a time treated as an undesirable alien; but in general the entertainment is of the mildest variety.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
FAST COMPANY *Marco Page* (Dodd Mead: $2.)	Crooked rare-book dealer brained with bust of Dante. Bookman—and sub-rosa sleuth—Joel Glass imperils life in solving case.	From first page to completely surprising finish, the event of the season for unusual background hair-trigger action, crackling chatter.	Get it!
THE MAN WHO MURDERED GOLIATH *Geoffrey Homes* (Morrow: $2.)	Shootings of self-made millionaire and California editor test abilities of Robin Bishop, peripatetic reporter-sleuth.	Four possible murderers—one with "strangest alibi in the world" —a tricky plot, lively dialogue, and pleasant sentimental overtones.	Class A
MURDER ON ALTERNATE TUESDAYS *Tech Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Connecticut resident with checkered past and evil associates gets head bashed in. Aubrey Nash and N. Y. newshawk do the sleuthing.	"Society" killing, with sinister underworld trimmings, and murderer who adapts innocent household appliances to deadly purpose.	Good
THE RANSOM RACKET *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Rich man's son snatched. Frantic mother calls in Peter Clancy who recovers child, discovers murder, and uncovers double criminal.	Alert readers will soon decide who did dirty work, but the story moves speedily and has a novel twist at the conclusion.	Agreeable
BLACK CATS ARE LUCKY *A. E. Fielding* (Kinsey: $2.)	Wealthy British bachelor poisoned and pet cat bludgeoned at family gathering. Insp. Pointer collects loose ends, and spots clever killer.	Typical English house-party affair with avaricious relatives and missing will to complicate matters. Plot well developed but at leisurely pace.	Bit wearisome
CURIOUS HAPPENINGS TO THE ROOKE LEGATEES *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Violent death of unsuspected relative brings snug fortune to several distant kin who thereupon avenge kinsman's murder.	Group of tenuously connected short stories, some good, some terrible, but all done with customary suave Oppenheim touch.	Trifling



He was a millionaire, mammoth and nicknamed Goliath. Then one day he phoned a newspaper that he was killing himself. Was he —or was it murder? Robin Bishop, that blithe reporter-detective, gets the story, solves the case, in

The Man Who Murdered Goliath

by GEOFFREY HOMES, *author of* THE MAN WHO MURDERED HIMSELF

$2.00 *A MORROW MYSTERY*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Fiction

GREAT ARGUMENT. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.50.

This is one more novel devoted to the difficulties of the Liberal. It is less effective than most, because the representative of liberalism is not here a young man called upon to make a single decision, but an elderly Member of Parliament, most of whose work is done; and because instead of action the book supplies little more than a series of conversations among representatives of the principal schools of political thought. The views are not expressed with sufficient brilliance to enable the book to stand as a Socratic dialogue; for that, the essential ingredient of a Socrates is lacking. The stupid Tory is simply stupid; the bewildered Liberal is simply bewildered; the conversations are no more conclusive and no more entertaining than one can hear at any dinner-table. Readers who recall the quatrain in the "Rubaiyat" from which the phrase "Great Argument" is quoted (a quatrain which with disarming candor Sir Philip reprints on his title page) will find that the title is a sufficient review of the novel.

B. D.

TRUMPETS CALLING. By Dora Aydelotte. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

This may not be the best novel written about the frontier but it is certainly the most good-natured one. It is a chronicle of the Prawl family who moved into Oklahoma Territory when the Cherokee Strip was opened. There is only one really mean character, a nameless man who appears for a page and disappears forever, a potato too hot for the author to hold. Most of the misfortunes are minor ones, though there is plenty of hardship and struggle. But (perhaps owing to the extreme good temper of the writing) nothing seems too serious to be solved by a second cup of coffee and a pan of fresh ginger cookies. The head of the house of Prawl (a Boomer himself) hated Sooners and occasionally fell into such a rage that he thumped the table hard enough to jar the lid off the butter dish, but another plate of Martha's beans would quiet him. Martha was brisk and efficient, the pioneer mother, blessed with gifts for nursing and cooking. Their shack was always redolent of ginger bread, and the children turned out pretty well, though one was unlucky. As the author puts it:—"Times might be hard, and homesteaders down to their last dime, living on nothing but hope and beans. Crops might burn up, grasshoppers invade the land, and another lean winter lie ahead—but let folks get word of a party, and they would joyfully pile in the covered wagon and come along, everybody from Grampa down to the newest baby."

The book is divided into three sections, called (you guessed it) Plowing, Planting, Harvest. The author has an unfortunate mannerism which leads her to extreme lengths in avoiding using the word "said," employing instead "argued," "defended," "soothed," "contended," possibly hitting a new low with "he crawfished." It is the sort of book in which to-this-someone-is-always-retorting.

If you can imagine Walt Whitman's phrase rendered coquettishly as "O Pioneers!" you may have an idea of what this book is like.

C. H. M.

FREE MAP OF THE WORLD

in full colors with flags of leading nations. Made to sell for 25c. Free with each copy of the ONLY COMPLETE guide to low-priced travel, which lists over 400 trips to practically EVERYWHERE, via cargo liners, passenger ships, sailing ships, and freighters, the delightful, hard-to-learn-about way thousands of teachers, authors, business people, even movie stars, go. Prices so low they seem like misprints. Learn how far your money will take you for so little. Wrap up 25c, send for booklet, and your map will be included. HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, Dept. HBD, 270 Lafayette St., N.Y.C.
This offer is limited; so write now.

WRITERS WANTED ! ! ! $200 IN PRIZES ! ! !

TO FIND TALENT FOR DEVELOPMENT AND MANAGEMENT—All types of mss. up to 5,000 words. 10 Prizes: $75—1st; $50—2nd; $25—3rd; 4th-6th—$10 each; 7th-10th—$5 each. Decisions of our staff will be final. Contest closes Aug. 1st; Winners announced Oct. 1st. Prize works will be published in our house organ for circulation among editors and publishers. Entry fee —50c. Users of our personalized service—free! All types of mss. handled; 10% commission on sales; handling and complete report—$1 up to 5,000 words; 25c per add. 1,000. Writing is a hazardous adventure—let our experience be your guide. ADVENTURES ASSOCIATES, Dept. C, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

HOW'S TRICKS?

125 tricks and stunts to amaze your friends. By Gerald Lynton Kaufman. At all bookstores. $1.00

STOKES

History

REPUBLICAN HISPANIC AMERICA: A HISTORY. By Charles Edward Chapman. Macmillan. 1937. $3.

The break-up of Spain's American empire a century and more ago begot a problem which still plagues writers on Hispanic-American history. Shall they tell separate and individual stories of the twenty republics—a procedure which may satisfy the scholar, but baffles and bewilders the "freshman" reader? Or shall they write of Hispanic-America as a whole, stressing the broad lines of development for the entire area, but largely ignoring those diversities which make Argentina, for example, so different today from Peru or Mexico?

Professor Chapman's book is announced as an essay of the second type. But in reality the author attempts to follow both approaches, and in consequence falls between two stools. Although the synthetic method claims the place of prominence in the first part of the book, the larger half of the volume is actually taken up with a "National Histories Appendix," which presents the course of events country by country.

Nor does the section devoted to general treatment make up in quality what it lacks in quantity. The canvas of Hispanic-American development is covered in uneven and spotty fashion. Following introductory material, three chapters are given to the struggles during the war for independence, one to the political ideas of Bolívar and San Martín, one to the *caudillo* (the man on horseback), and two to international relations, particularly those between the Hispanic-American countries and the United States. For the independence period, the author experiments with the "case" method, centering on a review of events in the Argentine, digested from Mitre's well-known history "Belgrano." But his summarized account is overcrowded with details, and the result is a confusing picture of a confused period. The present volume is unfortunately a much inferior sequel to Professor Chapman's useful "Colonial Hispanic America," published some four years ago.

C. A. T.

Miscellaneous

NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE LIFE. By Edward M. Chapman. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1937. *Privately printed.*

Please note this excellent set of reminiscences of the riparian farmer's life on the lower Connecticut and bordering Long Island Sound. It is wise, humorous, and very informative. The studies here included of New England life in the mid-nineteenth century are intimate, unconventional, and convincing. The author is a retired clergyman, but he knew his community from the core. If his book is a defense of Connecticut character, it is well documented, spiritually and factually, and will offset reckless debunking by personal experience. His chapters are well-written essays—an almost lost art.

H. S. C.

THESE FOREIGNERS. By William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $2.50.

Prompted by curiosity about "these foreigners," William Seabrook set out to learn for himself just what manner of folk they were. His tour took him from New York to California, in the course of which explorations he discovered they were "just people," neither more nor less so than native Americans. His implied amazement in this revelation, if at times it has a suggestion of a patronizing attitude toward the immigrant, is unconscious and understandable, and no great defect in the book. It is an attitude common to Americans as a whole, and it is perhaps just because Mr. Seabrook learns and writes sincerely from that not unnatural position that his book is most valuable.

Mr. Seabrook's foreword disarms criticism. The book itself makes no pretence of going deeply into the problems of the immigrant, but is content in the main with recounting through straight reporting the author's encounters with immigrants and various stories of their achievements and successes.

The "foreigners" Mr. Seabrook visited were limited to the Polish, Italian, German, Scandinavian, and Russian groups, which is a fairly representative list of the European nationalities now in America. If only by the virtue of their accomplishment, Mr. Seabrook shows how integrally they have become a part of America, and how largely they have contributed to American civilization. His information, derived for the most part through per-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal interviews, contains occasional errors, doubtless owing to over-zealousness on the part of a few of his informants.

Mr. Seabrook disposes effectively of the allegations of a Red and Hitler menace among the immigrant population, so sedulously promoted by rabid xenophobes. In general, "These Foreigners" might well serve as a text for those old-stock Americans who are now largely unaware of any relationship to their fellow citizens of recent immigrant stock.

L. A.

HERMAN MELVILLE'S GEDANKENGUT. Von K. H. Sundermann. Berlin. 1937.

This book is really a Thesaurus *raisonné* of Herman Melville's opinions. These are elaborately classified, with subdivisions, under these heads: Special Religious Problems, Problems of Church and Creed, Conception of God, Good and Evil, Philosophical Elements in Melville's Work, Artistic and Esthetic Problems, Historical Elements in Melville's Work. There is a concluding essay chiefly devoted to tracing literary influences on Melville. Here the author brings evidence to prove a greater influence from William Blake than had formerly been suffered. All quotations are in English. This laborious and thorough analysis of Melville's thinking is a valuable aid to all students of his highly problematic genius. So the reader is wisely left the task of distinguishing opinions which are Melville's own from those which he merely puts in the mouth of his characters. In an appendix are published from the *Literary World* Melville's reviews of Hawthorne's "Mosses," of Cooper's "Sea Suns," and Parkman's "Oregon Trail"—the latter two items here appearing for the first time in book form, which makes it bibliographically a Melville first.

F. J. M., Jr.

Travel

SO YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL. By Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $2.25.

Clara Laughlin, the author of the "So You're Going" series, is an expert and honest cicerone. She knows Europe from two perspectives, that of the tourist and that of the travel agent whose job it is to send people to visit what is likely to interest them most. This book includes all the tips the average tourist is likely to need, with chapters on the various ways of travel, on cruises, hotels, customs formalities, luggage, guides, health precautions, and travel etiquette. And though Miss Laughlin is partial to the prepaid and planned itinerary (July 2: Stratford. July 3: Warwick and Kenilworth) she is by no means insistent upon your "doing" a museum if you prefer the neighboring bar. Be careful, but not fearful, she says of foreign food and water; make sure your luggage has strong handles; be chary of letters of introduction; don't scoff. This is sound and friendly counsel. The book over-ballyhoos the advantages of leaving your entire mind in the hands of a travel agency—the author is not modest about her own—but even the independent and experienced traveler will find it suggestive reading.

H. D.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE had scarcely written a note about Richard Jefferies' *The Story of My Heart* when we picked up an American-Anderson galleries catalogue and saw that the MS of that book was to be sold on March 23rd. ☞Another event of extreme interest to collectors will be the sale of the famous Cortland F. Bishop Library, Part One of which collection goes on public exhibition at the American-Anderson from March 26 and will be sold April 5-6-7-8. ☞Mr. Bishop was always secretive about his purchases, and this exhibition will bring some surprises—for instance the 10th century *Blickling Homilies,* the celebrated Anglo-Saxon manuscript on 149 leaves of vellum (bought from the Marquess of Lothian in 1932). An illuminated Froissart, the 15th century Pembroke *Book of Hours,* the copies of Charles Dickens' books used by him in his public readings, and the excessively rare Hawthorne's *Fanshawe* will be among the high spots. ☞Philip Guedalla is to be the guest of the Oxford Society of New York at a dinner at the Vanderbilt Hotel March 28. ☞Kenyon College (Gambier, Ohio) announces a number of annual literary prizes to students who show promise in writing. The competition this year is open to young men who can enter Kenyon as sophomores or juniors next autumn. The prizes amount to $350 a year, and will be awarded only to those who need financial assistance to complete their college course. Detailed information may be had from Prof. John Crowe Ransom, Box 55, Gambier, Ohio.

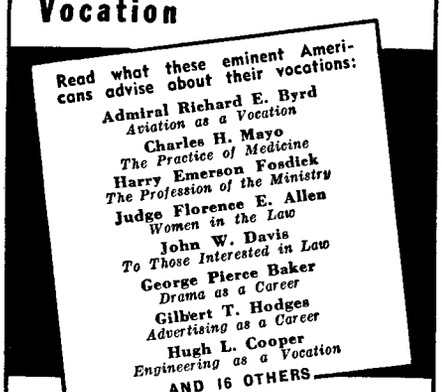
☞There truly *was* a village called Podunk, reports William Webb, librarian in Flint, Michigan (in Columbia Univ. Press's *Pleasures of Publishing*). It was about 10 miles south of Flint. ☞Viking Press reports that Canadian customs officials for some time held up copies of Rodocanachi's *Forever Ulysses,* doubtless under the impression that it was a sequel to Joyce's much-censored opus.

☞The Netherlands book trade sent us a very charming envoy in the person of Mevrouw E. van Hall-Nijhoff, who is both by birthright and marriage connected with eminent Dutch publishers and booksellers. A pleasant surprise happened while Mrs. van Hall-Nijhoff was in the office of Messrs. Snyder and Hall, who sell the books of many U. S. publishers on the Continent of Europe. Mr. Hall remarked that he had on his desk an order from Amsterdam and showed the letterhead of Scheltema and Holkema Boekhandel, Amsterdam. "Yes, indeed," said his caller, "I recognize that, it's my father's handwriting." Mrs. van Hall-Nijhoff writes book reviews for the daily *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant,* and is taking home with her a number of current American novels for review in Holland.

☞Harcourt Brace announce for April Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities.* ☞We note that N. Y. City scored 56.8% of all criminal offenses in our State in 1937. This sounds bad, but remember that N. Y. City has also about that same proportion of the total population. ☞Another Harcourt Brace book we hope to see is the *Collected Poems* of E. E. Cummings. "To be merely a collector's item," say the publishers, "is an improper fate for a poet who has written such rollicking and vital poetry. ☞A healthy agitation has been roused up North by Morley Callaghan's very honest piece *The Plight of Canadian Fiction* (in the University of Toronto Quarterly). ☞The saddest book title is *Thirty Million Gas Masks* which was announced in London some months ago (Peter Davies), haven't heard of it over here.

☞Prettiest ship in the U. S. merchant marine, our loved *Malolo* (Matson Line) has been redappered and changed her name to *Matsonia.* We wonder if her owners ever bought for her the little book in which she was so admired? ☞A quote that pleased Old Panurge Quercus was in *The Epicure's Companion* (Dutton) said to come from the Household Rules of Henry VIII: "The Officers of the Chamber will not caress the maids on the stairs, as many household utensils are apt to be broken." ☞The *Ladies' Home Journal* survey reports that 79% of the women of America (by which, presumably, they mean the U. S.?) believe in Birth Control. ☞And when 15

Let These Famous People Help You Choose Your Vocation

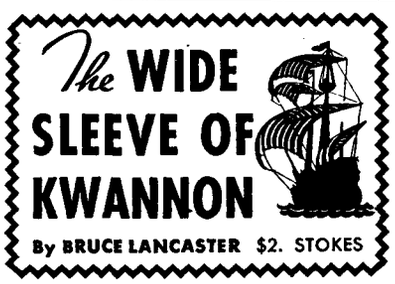

Read what these eminent Americans advise about their vocations:
Admiral Richard E. Byrd
Aviation as a Vocation
Charles H. Mayo
The Practice of Medicine
Harry Emerson Fosdick
The Profession of the Ministry
Judge Florence E. Allen
Women in the Law
John W. Davis
To Those Interested in Law
George Pierce Baker
Drama as a Career
Gilbert T. Hodges
Advertising as a Career
Hugh L. Cooper
Engineering as a Vocation
AND 16 OTHERS

Twenty-five leaders help you select a vocation. Each one presents his or her profession as it is; telling why and how it was chosen; showing the future it holds and the qualifications best suited to it. This book is an inspiration in choosing your life's work. 26 full page portraits, $2.

The H W Wilson Co., 950 University Av., N. Y.

MY VOCATION

Compiled by EARL B. LOCKHART



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago we said something in favor of the idea in a N. Y. newspaper, what screams of rage. ☞A minister in N. Y. City (Rev. Harold S. Rambo) asks what we consider the Seven Deadly Sins of today. We haven't had a chance to think about this very deeply, but offhand we suggest: Exaggeration, Credulity, Noise, Fast Driving, Newspaper Headlines, Candid Cameras, Autograph Collecting. ☞Perhaps these are not seven different forms of sin. Three more that could easily be added are Flippancy, Solemnity, and Belief in Irrelevant Statistics.

☞D. S. Savage, writing from England in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (Chicago) says that "somebody is attempting to organize poetry readings in London public houses." Which is where much of the best poetry always came from. ☞Hollander & Davidson, 602 West 6th, Los Angeles, offer among other pleasing temptations Old New England Inkwells "of a delightful aquamarine color" at $1.50 each. ☞Our own inkwell, which belonged to a grandfather, was once used (with a quill pen) for writing letters to Charles Dickens and George Meredith. ☞Genial old Peter Greig, who keeps devastating us with his Wine and Food News letter (which he really ought to advertise in the PERSONALS) has gone gusto about Fillets of Shad with Wine of Anjou. We wonder if Peter ever read a tasteful essay on the Vin d'Anjou which was printed years ago in this very paper. ☞Probably not, probably not. ☞Now why doesn't old gregarious Peter get together with the Bus. Mgr. and work out a joint offer for a subscription to the S.R.L. together with a bottle of Anjou? ☞Henry Saylor's new digest magazine *The Architect's World* (10 West 33, N.Y.C.) pleases us amain; and it's a wholesome education in modesty for modernists. *E.g.* find a photograph of a Persian tomb-tower of the year 1006 which is as excitingly contemporary in design as anything dreamed by Buckminster Fuller. ☞Schulte's Book Store (80 Fourth Avenue) offers a lively assortment of oldtime American Sheet Music: we're pleased to see that Stephen Foster's *Gentle Annie* (1856), which Bradley Cass used to sing over in Hoboken, rates $15 in first edition.

☞Q. looks forward to Ogden Nash's new book, *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*, promised for June by Little, Brown. ☞News that the privately printed edition of Steinbeck's *St. Katy the Virgin* had been sold at auction at a high price caused many reviewers lately to go rummaging for the little book, which was given away as a Christmas card by Covici-Friede in 1936. ☞Among the books that Dude Max Schuster promised himself to read during his annual equestrian vacation on a California ranch is Hotson's *I, William Shakespeare*. ☞It seems that New York University can think up new curricula faster than any other alma matriarchy; their latest idea is a course in story-telling for Mothers; on Wednesday mornings. ☞We would suggest it rather for Aunts, or Grandmothers. The Mothers of young children have very little time to attend morning classes; and what they usually need is to be told some good bedtime yarns themselves, for recreation. ☞But we are not too flip; it's a nice idea.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

MAPLE SYRUP. A complimentary box of our Maple Candy sent with every gallon of MAPLE SYRUP ordered from FOREST FARMS, JAMAICA, VERMONT. $3 a gallon; $1.60 half-gallon; $.90 quart. All postpaid.

"DON'T-SNORE" device, $1.00 postpaid. For snorers and mouth-breathers. Satisfaction or money back. S. K. Thaxly Co., Washington, D. C.

IDEAL accommodations for three refined ladies. Large house, modern conveniences, private rooms, home atmosphere. References exchanged. Box 127, Nassau, New York.

NEW YORK BOUND? No flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people who must be in New York for a considerable time this spring will appreciate the pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a mid-town caravansary. Newly furnished and decorated suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $120 to $145 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery. But the hotel has an excellent dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing for reservations. Harry A. Day, Manager, Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

DO WOMEN KNOW TOO MUCH about things that don't matter—and not enough about the things that do? Send today for the little book that will tell you more about the things that matter—and all about the Kingsley Course in Personality Development and Human Relationships. Dorothy Kingsley, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

TEMPO, newest of the little magazines, is the private philanthropy of two penniless people. Wants distinctive short stories, articles, verse, friends. Spring issue now published, 25c per copy. Frank Rose, editor, 137 Pulteney St., Geneva, N. Y.

PERSONABLE YOUNG MAN, cultured, Christian, would like work in bookstore. Nominal salary. References. Manhattan Bibliophile, care Saturday Review.

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE to reach fifty years (though Time has no limitations) unconfused by past experiences, knowing harmonious living, responsive to Truth, sensitive to Beauty, possessing fresh outlook, and kindly humor? Perhaps one such gentleman (untrammeled) might find exhilaration exchanging letters with woman of like-mindedness. Box 562-C.

YOUNG SAILOR, intelligent, unsophisticated, desires to exchange original verse. Likes archaeology, Oriental art. Westcoast.

THE BLUE DOOR, Bakerville—in Connecticut's lovely Litchfield Hills—offers quiet and rest—good food, good beds, an open fire. Central heating. Ideal for writers and others seeking comfortable and serene living. Minimum weekly rate $20. Mabel S. Bartlett, Route One, New Hartford, Conn.

HARVARD JUNIOR would like position as tutor and/or companion during summer. Would like traveling. Box 564-C.

AMATEUR MUSICIAN offers for sale part of small but selective collection of violins and bows. Among others, a fine and genuine Francois Tourte bow. Two very lovely and entirely original old violins in wonderful condition. Priced less than half what they are actually worth in the usual market-place. Certificates of W. E. Hill & Son, London, assure you of authenticity. Write Box 574-C.

INEXPENSIVE SUMMER COTTAGE WANTED for the season, anywhere in New England. Clean, good swimming, and sleeping accommodations for four. Box 572-C.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 88. An old-time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

RUGGLES FOUNDATION, BURLINGTON, VERMONT. Residence for active or retired women teachers. Ideal place to spend Spring and Summer months. Glorious view of the Green and Adirondack Mountains and Lake Champlain. Spacious grounds; house adequately heated; continuous hot water; comfortable beds and excellent meals. Try one of our Vermont Springs. Rates according to room occupied. Write for folders.

A WEEKEND is inexpensive here, beautiful scenery, congenial atmosphere, delightful food. The Farm on the Hill, R. R. 3, Kingston, New York.

WOULD LIKE to exchange bookplates. Elizabeth Diamond, 1634 Compton Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.

COLLEGE WOMAN, B.S. degree, desires position; mathematical and genealogical research experience. Historical or literary research preferred, or other position where ability to write concisely is a requisite. Box 561-C.

RESTLESS YOUNG WOMAN with ability, initiative, secretarial and publishing experience, desires work that will take her new places. Box 560-C.

TEACHER, girl, with two years' experience and own car, would be companion to lady or child. Box 559-C.

TRAVELLING COMPANION. Personable young woman wishes to see something of Mexico. Will exchange expert secretarial services for expenses. Box 566-C.

SCRIPT TROUBLE? Typing? Punctuation? Spelling? Distinctive Typing; Intelligent Correction; Reasonable; H. Harbaugh, 324 West 47th, New York.

AVAILABLE, furnished, April-September, writer's comfortable, charming Greenwich Village home. Spacious floor, Colonial house. Roomy balcony connecting large garden. Books. Midsummer coolness. $80. Box 542-C.

ROUND TABLE, for limited number men, women of finer taste. Open forum, music, refreshments. Single admission $1.00. Sunday evenings. 46 W. 83. TR. 7-4042.

YOUNG MAN, single, culturally marooned in midwestern city, seeks relief from doldrums through correspondence with other young men in similar position or appreciative of the situation. Box 571-C.

WHO WANTS "LIFE" MAGAZINE, number one up to date, complete. Box 568-C.

FOR RENT: 182 East End Ave., 88th Street. To October, furnished, 3-room apartment, cross-ventilation, ground floor, quiet, opposite park. Merriam or see Superintendent at 188 East End Ave.

WOMAN—36, needs rescuing, by correspondence, from monotony of life in a southern village. Box 565-C.

CYNIC OF FIFTY, chronologically half that age, tyro writer; deserves position permitting maximum social, intellectual and economic freedom. Box 569-C.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions, 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES, PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

THE WHITEHEADED EAGLE—JOHN McLOUGHLIN, BUILDER OF AN EMPIRE, by Richard G. Montgomery. An autographed first of this important Northwest item. Postpaid —$3.50. The J. K. Gill Company, S. W. Fifth Avenue at Stark, Portland, Oregon.

CATHER, MILLAY, MORLEY, MENCKEN, McFEE. Others. Catalogue. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books, promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 West 181st Street, New York, N. Y.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York, carries the largest assortment, at lowest prices, of standard French fiction, School, Art, Scientific, General and Current French books. Wholesale and retail. Over 500,000 in stock. Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). New York's LARGEST French Bookshop.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS MARKETED: Stories, articles, plays, books. Affiliations: London, Hollywood. No reading fee. SHIRLEY HECTOR, Ten West Tenth Street, New York.

PROFESSIONAL editors offer specific critical help, editing, all manuscripts. Letitia S. Pendleton, Maria Leach, 17 East 96th Street, New York.

YOUR STORIES, BOOKS, NOVELS, SOLD. Professional assistance in placement of fiction and non-fiction for magazine or book publication. Recognized editorial aid in reviews, criticism, revision, for new and established authors seeking royalty publishers. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

EXPERIENCED EDITORS; discuss, revise: prose, poetry. Publishers' contacts. Typing. MODERN LITERARY SERVICE, 354 West 43rd Street, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING, COLLABORATION, Stories, articles, theses, books. Experienced adviser to writers. Excellent credentials. MARY DOUGLAS, 600 W. 113th Street, New York. UNiversity 4-6974.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. Intersted in memoirs, biographies, travel, scientific, fiction, westerns, mysteries and manuscripts in other fields. We are looking for worthwhile manuscripts for book publication. Include return postage. Dept. SR, House of Field, Inc., 521 5th Ave., N. Y. C.

EDITING, REVISING, indexing, translating from German, French, Spanish, Italian; research, proof-reading. Professional references. Louise Brink, 21-25 Twenty-ninth Street, Astoria, N. Y. Mornings 9-12. AStoria 8-4554.

LANGUAGES

SPANISH LESSONS, conversational, business, and literary, at your own home. Experienced teacher. Spanish born, university graduate. Moderate price; special rate for classes. Telephone for appointment. CHelsea 3-3117, between 5:30 and 6:30.

BARGAIN OFFERS

CHECK LIST OF 5,000 FIRST EDITIONS, $1.00. This amount will be credited towards first purchase SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE, Inc.,—80 Fourth Ave., New York.

BOOK PLATES

DOLPHIN BOOKPLATES—Catalogue of distinctive designs in two colors, loaned 15 cents. Dolphin Bookplates, Grantwood, N. J.

ALBUM — three hundred unusual designs — loaned 15c. Antioch Bookplates, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PERSONAL BOOKPLATES to order—samples 10 cents. A. Kubisch, New Berlin, N. Y.

GENERAL

PARODY of Saturday Review of Literature, 25 cents. Harvard Advocate, Cambridge, Mass.

NEW & SECOND HAND BOOKS. In or out of print. IF IT'S A BOOK WE MAY HAVE IT. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St. OLDEST OLD BOOK SHOP IN NEW YORK.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Double-Crostics: No. 209

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-G	2-K		3-B	4-Q	5-U	6-H	7-N		8-C	9-A	10-E		11-T	12-L	13-R	14-S	15-M
16-N		17-I	18-K	19-V		20-O	21-K	22-Q	23-M	24-G	25-P	26-J	27-N	28-B	29-D		30-X
31-B	32-M	33-Y		34-E	35-M	36-I	37-J		38-O	39-A	40-H	41-C		42-V	43-S	44-U	
45-G	46-M	47-X	48-W	49-O	50-T		51-A	52-G	53-W	54-Q	55-L	56-X		57-B	58-C	59-I	
60-U	61-W		62-O	63-K	64-H	65-R	66-L	67-I		68-H	69-C	70-I	71-Q	72-V		73-Q	74-J
75-Y	76-K	77-V		78-T	79-N	80-V	81-U		82-O	83-Y	84-M	85-P	86-T	87-D	88-U		89-V
90-N		91-B	92-Q		93-O	94-D	95-W	96-E	97-Y	98-G	99-V		100-W	101-L	102-J	103-P	104-N
	105-A	106-T	107-H		108-H	109-J		110-V	111-J	112-W	113-F		114-D	115-S	116-F	117-E	
118-Y	119-V		120-G	121-T	122-Q	123-J	124-K	125-M	126-Y	127-V	128-P		129-P	130-S	131-F	132-Y	
133-U	134-B		135-I	136-M	137-T	138-W	139-Q		140-O	141-A		142-I	143-E	144-B	145-V		146-S
147-C	148-R		149-F	150-J	151-S	152-E	153-H	154-Y	155-W		156-O	157-R	158-S	159-F	160-T	161-K	162-N
163-A		164-O	165-W	166-A	167-K		168-S	169-N	170-U	171-E	172-H	173-Y		174-M	175-D	176-P	177-C
	178-U	179-Q	180-I		181-N	182-R	183-Y	184-X									

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Hungarian violinist and composer (1831-1907).	51 141 105 163 9 39 166
B. Greek letter.	57 91 28 3 144 31 134
C. Travel classic by Kinglake.	58 69 8 147 41 177
D. Sudden staggering movement.	87 94 114 29 175
E. Anglo-Saxon epic poem dating from 8th century.	96 10 143 152 171 117 34
F. Alien or impairing element.	149 116 131 159 113
G. Knaves.	98 1 45 52 24 120
H. Surname of King John of England.	6 108 68 40 172 153 64 107
I. Travel book by Longfellow (1835) (comp.).	36 70 17 135 180 142 67 59
J. Foolish talk or writing (comp.).	37 102 123 111 150 26 109 74
K. Egyptian ruler about B.C. 1515-1461.	161 18 63 124 2 21 167 76
L. Scottish historian-philosopher (1711-1776).	101 66 12 55
M. Holds spellbound.	46 32 15 136 84 125 23 35 174
N. German composer (1895-).	16 79 90 7 104 181 162 27 169
O. Invalidation.	49 93 164 156 38 82 20 140 62
P. Season of the year.	85 176 25 103 128 129
Q. Character in "Twelfth Night" (2 words).	73 4 22 92 122 139 71 54 179
R. English poet (1683-1765).	148 13 182 157 65
S. Writing marked by S-shaped characters.	158 130 146 43 14 115 151 168
T. Unbecoming (conduct).	121 106 11 86 160 78 50 137
U. Bushiness.	81 5 60 170 88 133 178 44
V. Latent.	72 19 80 89 42 145 99 127 77 119 110
W. Freedom from intervention of a medium.	48 95 138 112 155 53 165 100 61
X. Headland.	47 184 56 30
Y. Opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.	33 75 126 173 83 132 118 97 154 183

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BABIES WITHOUT TAILS
BY WALTER DURANTY
A PASSAGE TO INDIA
LITTLE CAESAR
MEALS ON WHEELS
MURDER STRIKES THREE
LOVE HERE IS MY HAT
and other Short
THE DARING YOUNG MAN on the Flying Trapeze
William Saroyan
Just see what you can buy for 25¢

Good books— library size—full length— *at the price of a magazine!*

YOU CAN *own* these books for no more than you usually pay for *renting* them. Check through this list to see what titles you want at this remarkable price. There are also a few Modern Age Books at prices ranging from 35¢ to 95¢. Every one of them is a bargain. They are books you'll be proud to own. Over 500,000 Modern Age Books have been sold in less than five months. You can examine these books at any book shop. Seeing is believing. If a book shop is not convenient, use the coupon below. Order by number.

BRAND NEW TITLES 25¢

2. OLD HELL
By Emmett Gowen. The lighter side of *Tobacco Road.* A full-length portrait of a hillbilly Casanova. Uproariously funny. 25c

39. LOVE, HERE IS MY HAT
By William Saroyan. Twenty-one new stories by the famous author of *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze.* 25c

33. THE WALL OF MEN
By William Rollins. An extraordinary adventure story set in war-torn Spain. 25c

6. BABIES WITHOUT TAILS
By Walter Duranty. Fifteen dramatic stories by the famous newspaper correspondent and author of *I Write as I Please.* 25c

4. MURDER STRIKES THREE
By David MacDuff. "The best hard-boiled mystery yarn since Dashiell Hammett."—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.* 25c

23. DEATH SLAMS THE DOOR
By Paul Cade. A *Martin Sober* mystery with a professional strong man as suspect. 25c

40. GRAVEYARD WATCH
By John Estevan. A rookie cop with an Irish brogue almost loses his heart to a seductive, glad-eyed Eurasian . . . and incidentally solves a murder. 25c

3. MEALS ON WHEELS
By Willson and Hoover. Shortcuts to good cooking in trailers or kitchenettes. 25c

27. ALMANAC FOR NEW YORKERS 1938
Odd facts and odder fancies about New York, *the Bagdad on the Subway,* together with statistics, morals, hints, slogans and quips . . . compiled by the *Federal Writers' Project.* 25c

BEST-SELLING REPRINTS 25¢

43. THE PASTURES OF HEAVEN
By John Steinbeck. A novel by the author of OF MICE AND MEN, considered by many to be the best work he has ever done. An unabridged reprint. *Was* $2.50. *Now* 25c

18. THE HONORABLE PICNIC
By Thomas Raucat. A gay Frenchman's witty tale of amorous adventures in Tokio. *Original price* $2.50. *Now* 25c

20. A PASSAGE TO INDIA
By E. M. Forster. One of the great novels of our time. "Exquisite and profound." — *Elinor Wylie. Original price* $2.50. *Now* 25c

34. LITTLE CAESAR
By W. R. Burnett. This is the novel from which the first of the gangster films was made. *Original price* $2.00. *Now* 25c

17. THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE
By William Saroyan. The stories that made him a literary sensation. *Original price* $2.50. *Now* 25c.

15. THE LEAVENWORTH CASE
By A. K. Green. The most famous of all American detective stories. *Original price* $2.00. *Now* 25c

14. SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS
By Dorothy L. Sayers. One of the best of the notable *Peter Wimsey* mysteries. *Original price* $2.00. *Now* 25c

13. TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS
By William Bolitho. Biographies of a dozen daring adventurers and adventuresses. *Original price* $4.00. *Now* 25c

12. TRAVELS IN THE CONGO
By André Gide. Adventure and contemplation in Africa by the *French Conrad. Original price* $5.00. *Now* 25c

SPECIAL VALUES 35¢ TO 95

24. THE STORY OF ODYSSEUS
A new translation of Homer by W. D. Rouse. "The greatest adventu story ever told in the liveliest pro version ever made." — *Los Ange Times. Illustrated by Lynd Ward.* new title, 50c

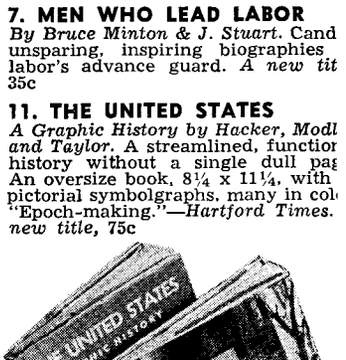
35. GOD'S ANGRY MAN
By Leonard Ehrlich. The tense dr matic story of John Brown's life a death. 400 pages. *Was* $2.50. *Now*

30. MOST FOR YOUR MONEY COOK BOOK
By Cora, Rose and Bob Brown. T secret of excellent meals on a sl budget. With many "prize" recip which have never appeared in a co book before. *A new title, bound washable cloth.* 50c

38. LIGHTSHIP
By Archie Binns. The exciting sto of nine men trapped on a coral re in the Pacific. *Was* $2.50. *Now* 35c

7. MEN WHO LEAD LABOR
By Bruce Minton & J. Stuart. Cand unsparing, inspiring biographies labor's advance guard. *A new tit* 35c

11. THE UNITED STATES
A Graphic History by Hacker, Modl and Taylor. A streamlined, functior history without a single dull pag An oversize book, 8¼ x 11¼, with pictorial symbolgraphs, many in col "Epoch-making."—*Hartford Times. new title,* 75c



28. YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES
By Erskine Caldwell and Margar Bourke-White. The *Uncle Tom's Cab* of the share-croppers. A magnifice book about the peons of America. oversize volume, 8¼ x 11¼, with photographs. *A new title,* 75c

Send this coupon to your bookseller, or

MODERN AGE BOOKS, 155 East 44 St., N. Y.
Please send me the books encircled below:

2	3	4	6	7	11
12	13	14	15	17	18
20	23	24	27	28	30
33	34	35	38	39	40
43					

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

☐ Remittance enclosed ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Charge

MODERN AGE BOOKS are not pamphlets or brochures but real, library-size books . . . printed in legible types on good book papers and durably bound in flexible board covers (except where otherwise noted). Ordinarily they would cost $2.00 to $5.00. The economies of mass production and distribution bring them to you for 25c and up.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED